



HYMNS
FOR MOTHERS
AND CHILDREN

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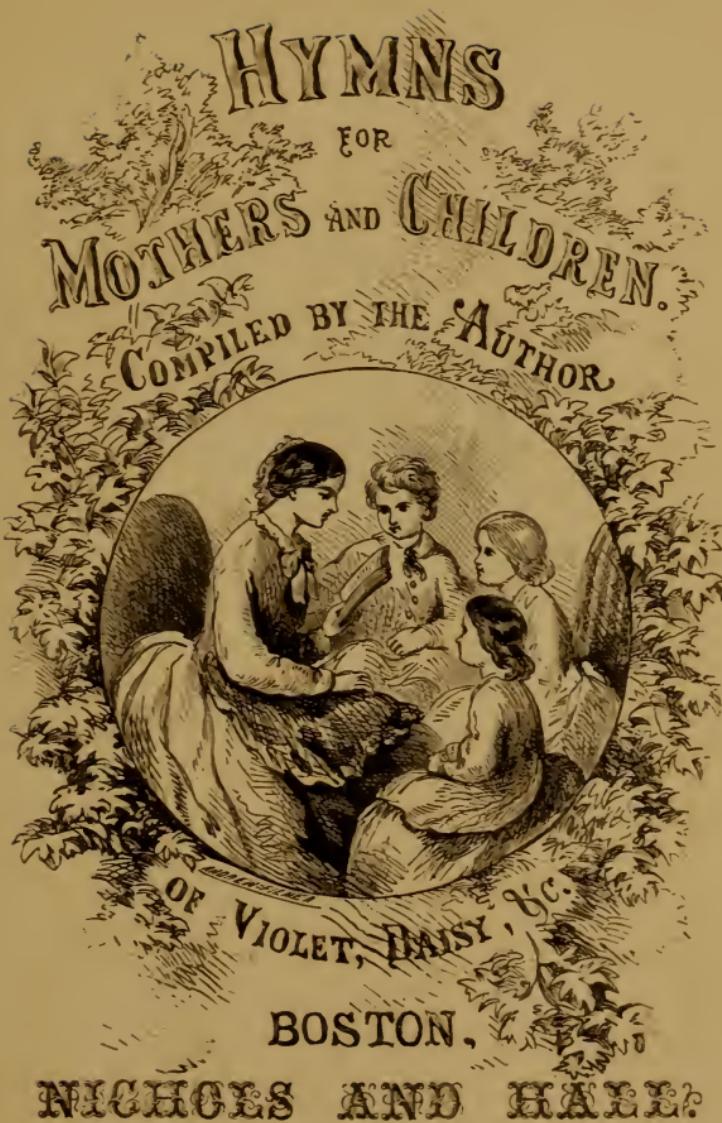
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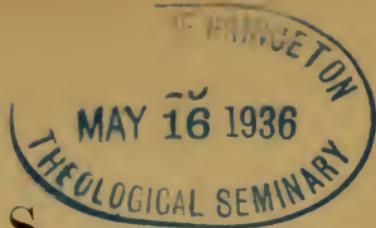
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HYMNS

FOR

MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.

Second Series.

COMPILED BY

THE EDITOR OF "HYMNS OF THE AGES."

CSW

BOSTON:
NICHOLS AND HALL.

1872.

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C A M B R I D G E :
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THE LAW OF LOVE.

OH ! if there is one law, above the rest,
Written in wisdom ; if there is a word
That I would trace, as with a pen of fire,
Upon the unsullied temper of a child ;
If there is any thing that keeps the mind
Open to angel visits, and repels
The ministry of ill, — 'tis human love ;
And, in the yearning tenderness of a child
For every bird that sings above its head,
And every creature feeding on the hills,
And every tree and flower and running brook,
We see how every thing was made to love ;
And how they err, who, in a world like this,
Find any thing to hate but human pride.





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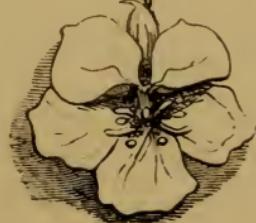
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CHILDREN.

PART
I





THE MOTHER'S HYMN.



ORD, who ordainest for mankind
Benignant toils and tender cares,
We thank thee for the ties that bind
The mother to the child she bears.

We thank thee for the hopes that rise
Within her heart, as, day by day,
The dawning soul from those young eyes
Looks with a clearer, steadier ray.

And, grateful for the blessing given,
With that dear infant on her knee,
She trains the eye to look to heaven,
The voice to lisp a prayer to thee.

All-gracious ! grant to those who bear
A mother's charge, the strength and light
To guide the feet that own their care
In ways of Love and Truth and Right.

W. C. BRYANT.

B A B Y B U N N.

WINSOME baby Bunn !
Brighter than the stars that rise
In the dusky evening skies,
Browner than the raven's wing,
Clearer than the woodland spring,
Are the eyes of baby Bunn !
Winsome baby Bunn !

Smile, mother, smile !
Thinking softly all the while
Of a tender, blissful day,
When the dark eyes, so like these
Of the cherub on your knees,
Stole your girlish heart away.
Oh the eyes of baby Bunn !
Rarest mischief will they do,
When once old enough to steal
What their father stole from you !
Smile, mother, smile !

Winsome baby Bunn !
Milk-white lilies half unrolled,
Set in calyces of gold,
Cannot make his forehead fair,
With its rings of yellow hair !
Scarlet berry cleft in twain
By a wedge of pearly grain
Is the mouth of baby Bunn !

Winsome baby Bunn !

Weep, mother, weep,
For the little one asleep
With his head against your breast !
Never in the coming years,
Though he seeks for it with tears,
Will he find so sweet a rest.
Oh the brow of baby Bunn !
Oh the scarlet mouth of Bunn !
One must wear its crown of thorns,
Drink its cup of gall must one,
Though the trembling lips shall shrink
White with anguish as they drink,
And the temple sweat with pain
Drops of blood like purple rain !

Weep, mother, weep !

Winsome baby Bunn !
Not the sea-shell's palest tinge,
Not the daisy's rose-white fringe,

Not the softest, faintest glow
Of the sunset on the snow,
Is more beautiful and sweet
Than the wee pink hands and feet
Of the little baby Bunn,—
Winsome baby Bunn !

Feet like these may lose the way,
Wandering blindly from the right.
Pray, and sometimes will your prayers
Be to him like golden stairs
Built through darkness into light.

Oh the dimpled feet of Bunn,
In her silken stockings dressed !

Oh the dainty hands of Bunn,
Hid like rose-leaves in your breast !

These will grasp at jewels rare,
But to find them empty air ;

These shall falter many a day,
Bruised and bleeding by the way,
Ere they reach the land of rest !

Pray, mother, pray !

ULLABY.

COME to my arms, you bewildering elf !
Let me gather you, body and soul, to myself ;
Bury your scintillant eyes and hair,
And all the glory and grace you wear,
From twinkling feet to golden crown ;
Clasping you close to my bosom and heart,
A thing of my holiest being a part ;
Crooning a song in olden rhyme,
Tender and sweet as a vesper chime.

Sleep, baby boy ;
The little birds rest,
Downy and soft,
In the mother-bird's nest ;
The lambkins are safe
In the shepherd's warm fold ;
The dew-drop's asleep
In the buttercup's gold.

The violet nods
To the daisy's dream ;
The lily lies hushed
On the lap of the stream ;
And holy and calm,
Like motherly eyes,
The stars look down
From the silent skies.

Sleep, baby boy,
 My birdling, my flower,
 My lily, my lambkin,
 My dew-drop, my dower !
 While heart against heart
 Beats softly in time
 To the murmuring flow
 Of my tender old rhyme.

MARY FORREST

CRADLE SONG.

WHAT is the little one thinking about ?

Very wonderful things, no doubt :

Unwritten history !

Unfathomed mystery !

Yet he chuckles and crows and nods and winks,

As if his head were as full of kinks

And curious riddles as any sphinx !

Warped by colic, and wet by tears,

Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,

Our little nephew will lose two years ;

And he'll never know

Where the summers go :

He need not laugh, for he'll find it so.

Who can tell what a baby thinks ?
Who can follow the gossamer links
 By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown, —
Blind and wailing and alone, —
 Into the light of day ?
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony ;
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls :
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And shipped from heaven on an ebbing tide !
 What does he think of his mother's eyes ?
What does he think of his mother's hair ?
 What of the cradle-roof, that flies
Forward and backward through the air ?
 What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,
 Cup of his life, and couch of his rest ?
What does he think, when her quick embrace
Presses his hand, and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,
With a tenderness she can never tell ?
 Though she murmur the words
 Of all the birds, —
Words she has learned to murmur well ?
 Now he thinks he'll go to sleep !
 I can see the shadow creep

Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips.
Softly sinking, down he goes !
Down he goes ! down he goes !
See ! he's hushed in sweet repose.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND

ULLABY.

Now the twilight shadows flit ;
Now the evening lamp is lit ;
 Sleep, baby, sleep !
Little head on mother's arm,
She will keep him safe from harm, —
Keep him safe, and fold him warm ;
 Sleep, baby, sleep !

Baby's father, far away,
Thinks of him at shut of day ;
 Sleep, baby, sleep !
He must guard the sleeping camp,
Hearkening, in the cold and damp,
For the foeman's stealthy tramp ;
 Sleep, baby, sleep !

He can hear the lullaby,
He can see the laughing eye ;
 Sleep, baby, sleep !
And he knows, though we are dumb,
How we long to have him come
Back to baby, mother, home ;
 Sleep, baby, sleep !

Now the eyes are closing up ;
Let their little curtains drop ;
 Sleep, baby, sleep !
Softly on his father's bed
Mother lays her baby's head ;
There, until the night be fled,
 Sleep, baby, sleep !

God, who driest the widow's tears,
God, who calm'st the orphan's fears,
 Guard baby's sleep !
Shield the father in the fray ;
Help the mother wait and pray ;
Keep us all, by night and day ;
 Sleep, baby, sleep !

E. J. CUTLER

THE OUTCASTS.

BUT these others, — children small,
Spilt like blots about the city,
Quay and street and palace-wall, —
Take them up into your pity !

Ragged children, with bare feet,
Whom the angels in white raiment
Know the names of, to repeat
When they come on you for payment.

Ragged children, hungry-eyed,
Huddled up out of the coldness
On your door-steps, side by side,
Till your footman damns their boldness.

In the alleys, in the squares,
Begging, lying little rebels ;
In the noisy thoroughfares
Struggling on with piteous trebles.

Patient children, — think what pain
Makes a young child patient, — ponder !
Wronged too commonly to strain
After right, or wish, or wonder.

Wicked children, with peaked chins,
And old foreheads ! there are many
With no pleasures except sins,
Gambling with a stolen penny.

Sickly children, that whine low
To themselves, and not their mothers,
From mere habit, — never so
Hoping help or care from others.

Healthy children, with those blue
English eyes, fresh from their Maker,
Fierce and ravenous, staring through
At the brown loaves of the baker.

Can we smooth down the bright hair,
O my sisters ! calm, unthrilled in
Our heart's pulses ? Can we bear
The sweet looks of our own children,

While those others, lean and small,
Scurf and mildew of the city,
Spot our streets, convict us all,
Till we take them into pity ?

O my sisters ! children small,
Blue-eyed, wailing through the city, —
Our own babes cry in them all :
Let us take them into pity !

TWO SONS.

I HAVE two sons, wife,—

Two, and yet the same;

Both are only one, wife,

Bearing but one name:

The one is bearded, sunburnt, grim, and fights across
the sea;

The other is a little child, who sits upon your knee.

Only one is here, wife,

Free from scath and harm;

I can hear his voice, wife,

All about the farm.

The other is a great strong man, wherever he may be;
But this one, shadowy and dim, is sitting on your knee.

One is fierce and cold, wife,

With a wayward will;

He has passed through fire, wife,

Knowing good and ill:

He has tried our hearts for many a year,— not broken
them; for he

Is still the stainless little one that sits upon your knee.

One did wilful wrong, wife,

Bringing us to shame;

Darkened all the farm, wife,

Blotted our good name;

And when our hearts were big with grief, he sailed
across the sea, —

But still we keep the little son that sits upon your knee.

One was rash and dark, wife,

Would have say for say ;

Furious when chid, wife,

He went his wilful way ;

His voice in sinful rage was loud within the farm ; but he
Remained the crowing little one who sat upon your
knee.

One may fall in fight, wife, —

Is he not our son ?

Pray with all your heart, wife,

For the wayward one ;

Pray for the dark, rough soldier, who fights across the
sea,

Because you love the little one who smiles upon your
knee.

One in sinful fight, wife,

As I speak, may fall ;

But this one at home, wife,

Cannot die at all.

They both are only one ; and how thankful we should be,
That we cannot lose the darling son who sits upon your
knee.

CRADLE SONG.

HUSH, my babe, lie still and slumber :
 Holy angels guard thy bed ;
Heavenly blessings without number,
 Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
 House and home, thy friends provide :
All without thy care or payment,
 All thy wants are well supplied.

See the lovely babe a-dressing ;
 Lovely infant, how he smiled !
When he wept, the mother's blessing
 Soothed and hushed the Holy Child.

Lo, he slumbers in the manger,
 Where the horned oxen fed !
Peace, my darling ; here's no danger ;
 There's no oxen near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
 Save my dear from sin and shame,
'Twas to lead thee home to heaven,
 That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear him,
 Trust and love him all thy days ;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
 See his face, and sing his praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
 Hoping what I most desire ;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
 Can to greater joys aspire.

DR. WATTS.

F R A N C E S.

SHE is not pretty, our sweet child ;
But then she is so good and mild ;
You do not ask the hue of eyes
Where truest love in ambush lies,
Where golden-hearted Charity,
And lowliest deep Humility,
And all Unselfishness you see.
Her pure mind is so beautiful,
So fond, so kind, so dutiful,
Her soul's sweet beauty takes all praise,
And leaves no word for her dear face.

JULIE LEONARD.

A BEGGAR.

POOR little feet on the pavement bare,
Sad little face grown hardened with care ;
Scanty the clothing around the wee form,
Searching for bread in this pitiless storm !

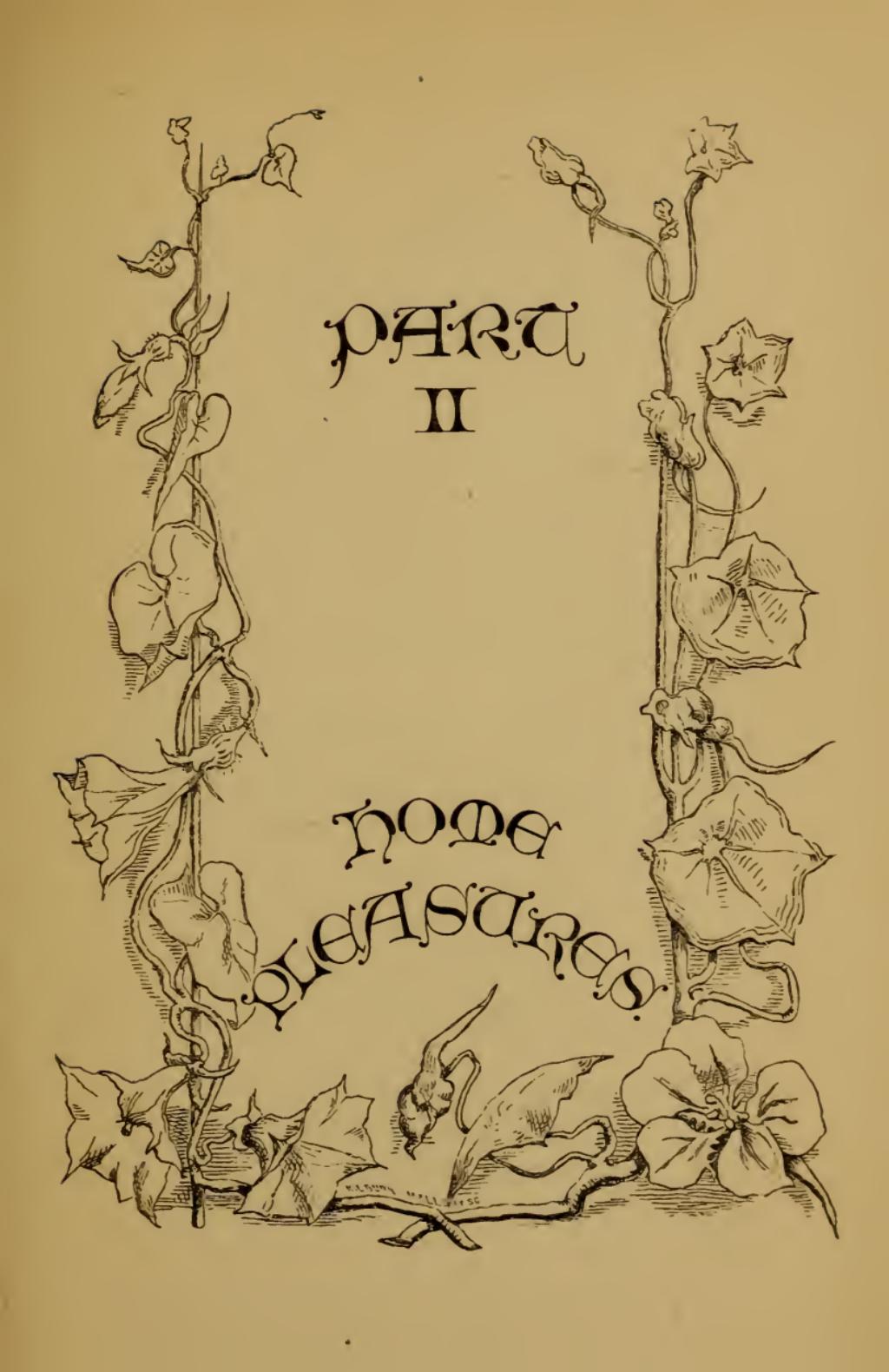
Coldly we speak to the wandering thing,
Scarring the tender young heart by our sting, —
Poor little heart that is yearning to be
Caressed like the darling clinging to me.

Think ye, when Jesus was here among men,
And took up the little ones brought to him then,
And blessed them with love far better than gold,
The poor and the homeless he did not infold ?

Ah, poor little child ! unloved but by him,
Good angels defend thee, — Christ shrive us our sin ;
Far better for us than add sorrow to thee,
To be helplessly cast in the midst of the sea.

GOSPEL MESSENGER.





PART
II

NOSE
MEASURES.



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence :
 Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
 To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
 A sudden raid from the hall !
By three doors left unguarded
 They enter my castle-wall !

They climb up into my turret,
 O'er the arms and back of my chair :
If I try to escape, they surround me ;
 They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
 Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen,
 In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti !
 Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
 Is not a match for you all ?

I have you fast in my fortress,
 And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeons
 In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LOVE WORDS.

A LITTLE head, with its golden hair ;
A little face, so sweet and fair ;
A little hand, with its dimpled grace, —
It wanders lovingly over my face ;
And a sweet voice whispers, soft and low,
"I love you, sister, — I love you so."

It is dreary outside, — the wind and rain
Sweep sobbing by, like a funeral train ;
But there's light within, — my heart beats high,
I heed not the wild wind's wailing cry,
As I list to the murmur soft and low,
"I love you, sister, — I love you so."

Ah ! what is fame but an empty show,
Luring us on through fields of snow ?
Ah ! what is wealth but a glittering chain,
Linking our hearts to the wind and rain,
If we hear not murmured, soft and low,
The sweet, fond words, "I love you so" ?

“I love you, sister !” — ah ! murmur it o'er :
They're the echoed words of another shore,
Where the streets are gold and the robes are white,
Where there comes no storm with its bitter blight,
Where many hearts we have missed below
Are murmuring still, “We love you so.”

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

Love thy mother, little one !
Kiss and clasp her neck again :
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.

Love thy mother, little one !

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee :
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.

Gaze upon her living eyes !

Press her lips, the while they glow,
With love that they have often told :
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.

Press her lips, the while they glow !

Oh, revere her raven hair !
Although it be not silver gray :
Too early, Death, led on by Care,
May snatch save one dear lock away.
Oh, revere her raven hair !

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer ;
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn,
When thou wilt ask to die with her.

Pray for her at eve and morn !

THOMAS HOOD.

POPPING CORN.

ONE autumn night, when the wind was high,
And the rain fell in many flashes,
A little boy sat by the kitchen fire,
A-popping corn in the ashes ;
And his sister, a curly-haired child of three,
Sat looking on, just close to his knee.

Pop ! pop ! and the kernels, one by one,
Came out of the embers flying ;
The boy held a long pine stick in hand,
And kept it busily plying ;
He stirred the corn, and it snapped the more,
And faster jumped to the clean-swept floor.

Part of the kernels flew one way,
And a part hopped out the other ;
Some flew plump into the sister's lap,
Some under the stool of the brother :
The little girl gathered them into a heap,
And called them "a flock of milk-white sheep."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.

THE cottage work is over,
The evening meal is done ;
Hark ! through the starlight stillness
You hear the river run.
The little children whisper,
Then speak out one and all :
Come, father, make for Johnny
A rabbit on the wall.

He smilingly assenting,
They gather round his chair ;
" Now, grandma, you hold Johnny ;
Don't let the candle flare."
So speaking, from his fingers
He throws a shadow tall,
That seems, the moment after,
A rabbit on the wall.

The children shout with laughter,
The uproar louder grows ;
Even grandma chuckles faintly,
And Johnny chirps and crows.
There ne'er was gilded painting,
Hung up in lordly hall,
Gave half the simple pleasure
This rabbit on the wall.

CATHARINE ALLAN

IN THE GARDEN.

GREEN grass beneath, green leaves above,
That rustle like a running stream ;
And sunshine that, with tender gleam,
Touches the little heads I love, —

The little heads, the dewy eyes
That shine and smile through sun and shower,
That are my portion and my dower,
My sum of wealth beneath the skies.

The white doves flutter on the wall,
Amid the rose-trees' crimson pride ;
The small house opes its windows wide,
Fearless, whatever may befall.

Whate'er befalls ! O instinct strong
Of this strange life, so sad and dear,
That still foresees some coming tear,
And of its joy still asks, How long ?

I sit and rest from all my woe,
Peace in the air, light in the sky ;
Here let me rest until I die,
Nor further pain nor pleasure know.

Half on the tender greensward round,
And half on me, as here I rest,
My nestlings nestle in their nest,
With fitful arms about me wound.

The while I read, — and smile to see
My boy's eye light with gleams of war, —
How the plumed helmet of Navarre
Set bleeding France at Ivry free ;

Or in my little maiden's face, —
At hearing of Lord Burleigh's bride,
And how he loved, and how she died, —
A glow of softer radiance trace ;

While the small brother pauses oft,
In babble half as sweet to hear ;
The meaning lies beyond his ear,
But sweet the music chimes and soft.

If there be any cloud that glides
Unseen above this quiet spot,
Dear Lord ! I thank thee I know not
What still in thy good hand abides.

But while the peaceful moments last,
I snatch this hour, unstained by tears,
Out of my stormy tale of years,
To charm the future and the past.

And here memorial glad I raise,
How, on one joyous day in June,
Through all the sunny afternoon,
Sang birds and babes unconscious praise.

M. O. W. O.

THE WONDERFU' WEAN.

OUR wean's the most wonderfu' wean e'er I saw :
It would tak me a lang simmer day to tell a'
His pranks, frae the mornin' till night shuts his ee,
When he sleeps like a peerie, 'tween father and me ;
For in his quite turns siccans questions he'll speir !
How the moon can stick up in the sky that's sae clear ?
What gars the wind blaw ? and whar frae comes the
rain ?
He's a perfec' divert, — he's a wonderfu' wean !

Or wha was the first bodie's father ? and wha
 Made the vera first snaw-shooer that ever did fa' ?
 And wha made the first bird that sung on a tree ?
 And the water that soons a' the ships in the sea ?
 But, after I've told him as weel as I ken,
 Again he begins wi' his wha and his when ;
 And he looks aye sae wistfu' the whiles I explain :
 He's as auld as the hills, — he's an auld-farrant wean.

And folk wha hae skill o' the bumps on the head
 Hint there's mae ways than toilin' o' winnin' ane's bread ;
 How he'll be a rich man, and hae men to work for
 him,
 Wi' a kytic like a baillie's, shug-shuggin' afore him ;
 Wi' a face like the moon, — sober, sonsy, and douce,
 And a back for its bredth, like the side o' a house.
 'Tweel ! I'm unco ta'en up wi't, — they mak a' sae
 plain.
 He's just a town's talk, he's a by-ord'nar wean !

I ne'er can forget sic a laugh as I gat,
 To see him put on father's waistcoat and hat ;
 Then the lang-leggit boots gaed sae far owre his knees,
 The tap-loops wi' his fingers he grippit wi' ease ;
 Then he marched through the house ; he marched but,
 he marched ben,
 Like owre mony mae o' our great little men,
 That I leuch clean outright, for I cou'dna contain :
 He was sic a conceit, — sic an ancient-like wean !

But, 'mid a' his daffin, sic kindness he shows,
That he's dear to my heart as the dew to the rose ;
And the unclouded hinny-beam aye in his ee
Maks him every day dearer and dearer to me.
Though Fortune be saucy and dory and dour,
And gloom through her fingers like hills through a
shooer,
When bodies hae gat a bit bairn o' their ain,
How he cheers up their hearts ! — he's a wonderfu'
wean !

WM. MILLER.



YOUNG CHILDREN
PART III.





THE BABY SOLDIER.

ANOTHER little private
Mustered in
The army of temptation
And of sin.

Another soldier arming
For the strife,
To fight the toilsome battles
Of a life.

Another little sentry,
Who will stand
On guard, while evils prowl
On every hand.

Lord, our little darling
Guide and save,
'Mid the perils of the march
To the grave !

PACIFIC MONTHLY.

LITTLE BIRDIE.

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
" Let me fly," says little birdie,
" Mother, let me fly away."—
" Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
" Let me rise, and fly away."—
" Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away."

TENNYSON.

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

LITTLE white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
'Till the sun shone.
Little white Lily,
Sunshine has fed ;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, " It is good ;
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little white Lily
Drest like a bride !
Shining with whiteness,
And crowned beside !

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup ;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
 Said, "Good again,
 When I am thirsty
 To have nice rain ;
 Now I am stronger,
 Now I am cool ;
 Heat cannot burn me,
 My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
 Smells very sweet ;
 On her head sunshine,
 Rain at her feet.
 "Thanks to the sunshine,
 Thanks to the rain,
 Little white Lily
 Is happy again!"

G. MACDONALD.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

SUPPOSE the little cowslip
 Should hang its little cup,
 And say, "I'm such a tiny flower
 I'd better not grow up,"
 How many a weary traveller
 Would miss its fragrant smell !
 How many a little child would grieve
 To miss it from the dell !

Suppose the glistening dewdrop
Upon the grass, should say,
" What can a little dewdrop do ?
I'd better roll away ; "
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
• The traveller on his way ;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so ?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too !
It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by his love.

"I AM PAPA'S."

COME, Lily, be my little girl,
And love me every day,
And I will give you pretty birds,
And toys with which to play.
She glanced up with her sweet gray eyes,
And looked into my face
A look of innocent surprise ;
Then said, with modest grace,
"I am papa's, and even in play
I cannot give myself away."

"But think," I urged, "how many things
I'll give you if you will :
A garden full of rarest flowers,
Where you may pick your fill."
A smile played on her dimpled face,
But yet she answered low, —
"Though dearly I do love sweet flowers,
I'm sure I cannot go :
I am papa's, and even in play
I cannot give myself away."

"A little pony you shall have,
With saddle of the brightest red ;
And every day with grass and oats
He shall by your own hand be fed."

Her bright eyes sparkled,—"I should like
To ride that pony very much,
To feed him all myself, and find
He was obedient to my touch ;
But I'm papa's, and even in play
I cannot give myself away."

" Dear child," I cried, and clasped her tight,
" I'm glad you love your father so ;
But there is One whom 'twould be right
To love even dearer still, you know.
He gives you all your daily food ;
Your many pleasures, too, he gives ;
He gave that loving father good, —
'Tis due to God that he still lives.
Dear child, oh may you ever say,
' I am God's child,' and him obey."

JULIE LEONARD.

SONG OF THE SUMMER RAIN.

O CHILDREN ! come and look at me :
Was ever rain in such a glee
As I have been all day ?
Drop chasing drop most merrily,
Jostling each other clumsily,
You'd think we were in play.

And yet see how much work we've done,
And then you'll see we're not in fun,
 Whate'er you thought before.
We've driven the sun out of the sky,
Made all the trees and bushes cry,
 And tightly closed the door.

We've turned the dry and dusty street,
That yesterday was parched with heat,
 Into a flowing river.

We've made the flowers all hang their heads
So low upon their rain-soaked beds,
 I fear they can't recover.

We've given a shower-bath to the cow ;
Where are the birds and chickens now ?
 They're hiding one and all.
Oh, dear ! what will the farmers say ?
We've ruined all the new-mown hay
 By our unlucky fall.

“O sweet, refreshing rain !” you say,
“Ah ! soon, too soon, you'll pass away :
 Pray, come to us again.”
“When I am sent,” the rain replies :
“I come from God the good and wise,
 Oh, bless him for the rain !”

THE KITCHEN CLOCK.

LISTEN to the kitchen clock !

To itself it ever talks,
From its place it never walks ;
" Tick-tock, — tick-tock."
Tell me what it says.

" I'm a very patient clock,
Never moved by hope or fear,
Though I've stood for many a year ;
Tick-tock, — tick-tock."
That is what it says.

" I'm a very truthful clock :
People say, about the place,
Truth is written on my face ;
Tick-tock, — tick-tock."
That is what it says.

" I'm a very active clock ;
For I go while you're asleep,
Though you never take a peep ;
Tick-tock, — tick tock."
That is what it says.

“ I’m a most obliging clock ;
 If you wish to hear me strike,
 You may do it when you like ;
 Tick-tock, — tick-tock.”
 That is what it says.

What a talkative old clock !
 Let us see what it will do
 When the pointer reaches two.
 “ Ding-ding, — tick-tock.”
 That is what it says.

AUNT EFFIE’S RHYMES.

LITTLE LOTTY.

LITTLE Lotty went to ma ;
 Ma was very busy,
 Rocking in her old arm-chair
 Little sister Lizzie ;
 “ Go to sleep my pretty one,”
 Patiently and cheerly
 Sang she oft ; for, oh ! she loved
 Little Lizzie dearly.

Soon to dream-land Lizzie went ;
 Then that happy mother
 Thought that like her children twain
 Never was another :

Baby was so cherub-like,
Lotty was so sprightly,
Day or night to see them smile
Made her heart dance lightly.

Ah ! but why o'er Lotty's brow
Hangs that shade of sadness ?
Why, in rapture, from her eye
Beams no ray of gladness ?
Can it be on life's rough path
One so young hath started ?
You shall hear her simple tale, —
Lotty is true-hearted.

" Dearest ma, as Fred and I
On the lawn were playing,
Naughtily I took a stone
In the pathway lying.
It was but a tiny thing :
So in sport I aimed it
At a little robin's head ;
Hit it hard, and maimed it.

" Soon it died. ' Now let us haste
Secretly, and throw it
O'er the hedge,' said cousin Fred, —
' Ma will never know it ;'
But behind your pretty vase
Carefully we hid it,
Purposing, when found, to say
Little Tibby did it.

"And for such a wicked thought
Now my heart is smitten,
Though poor little Tibby be
But a silly kitten ;
And I cannot sleep to-night
First without confessing.
Do you think that God again
E'er will grant his blessing?"

Clasping Lotty to her heart
Heaving with emotion,
Lifting up her eyes to heaven,
Beaming with devotion :
" Yes, my child," she softly said,
" Go to him in sorrow ;
Tell him all, and joy shall be
Thine again to-morrow."

Little reader, when in fault,
Never seek to hide it ;
Always to the God above
Faithfully confide it.
He is ever kind and good,
Over thee and near thee ;
And, though every friend forsakes,
He will wait to cheer thee.

REV. JAMES KNAPTON.

THE IDLE GIRL.

O sun, bright sun ! come out of the sky,
Put your hard work for a minute by,
Give up for a while your endless round,
And come and play with me on the ground.

But the sun said, No.

Wind, cold wind, with your whistle and roar,
Pray do not toy with the waves any more ;
Come frolic with me, that's a good old breeze,
In the orchard green, 'neath the apple-trees.

But the breeze said, No.

O water clear ! as you flow along,
Come close to my feet, and sing me a song ;
Don't go for ever that endless way,
But pause for a moment, and with me stay.

But the stream said, No.

Little blue bird, on the high tree-top,
You have nothing to do, and *you* will stop ;
I'll show you a way to build a nest,
An easy way, the nicest and best.

But the bird said, No.

Sun, water, and wind, and bird, say no !
I, too, to my task will quickly go :
I must not be idle alone all the day ;
But when my work's done, can I come and play ?

And they all said, Yes.

CAROLINE HOWARD.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE.

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star ;
How I wonder what you are !
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark-blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep ;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star !

A NURSERY SONG.

As I walked over the hills one day,
I listened, and heard a mother-sheep say,
" In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lammie, with his nimble feet,
 With his eye so bright,
 And his wool so white,
Oh ! he is my darling, my heart's delight.
 The robin, he
 That sings in the tree,
Dearly may dote on his darlings four ;
But I love my one little lambkin more."
And the mother-sheep and her little one
Side by side lay down in the sun,
And they went to sleep on the hill-side warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see,
But the old gray cat and her kittens three ?
I heard her whispering soft : said she,
" My kittens, with tails all so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.
 The bird on the tree,
 And the old ewe, she,
May love their babies exceedingly ;
 But I love my kittens there,
 Under the rocking-chair.

I love my kittens with all my might ;
I love them at morning and noon and night ;
Which is the prettiest I cannot tell, —

Which of the three, · · ·
For the life of me, —

I love them all so well.

Now I'll take up my kitties, — the kitties I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove.”
Let the kitties sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten.
She clucked and she scratched and she bristled away,
And what do you think I heard her say ?
I heard her say, “ The sun never did shine
On any thing like to these chickens of mine.
You may hunt the full moon, and the stars if you please,
But you never will find such ten chickens as these.
The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her lamb,
But they do not know what a proud mother I am ;
For lambs, nor for kittens, I won’t part with these,
Though the sheep and the cat should go down on their
knees.

No ! no ! not though
The kittens could crow,

Or the lammie on two yellow legs could go.
My dear downy darlings ! my sweet little things !
Come nestle, now, cosily under my wings.”

So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather bed.
And there let them sleep in their feathers so warm,
While my little chick nestles here on my arm.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE STARS.

You little twinkling stars, that shine
Above my head so high,
If I had but a pair of wings,
I'd join you in the sky.

I am not happy lying here,
With neither book nor toy ;
For I am sent to bed, because
I've been a naughty boy.

If you will listen, little stars,
I'll tell you all I did :
I only said I would not do
The thing that I was bid !

I'm six years old this very day,
And I can write and read,
And not to have my own way yet
Is very hard indeed.

I do not know how old you are,
Or whether you can speak ;
But you may twinkle all night long,
And play at hide-and-seek.

If I were with you, little stars,
How merrily we'd roll
Across the skies, and through the clouds,
And round about the Pole !

The moon, that once was round and full,
Is now a silver boat ;
We'd launch it off that bright-edged cloud,
And then — how we should float !

Does anybody say, "Be still!"
When you would dance or play?
Does anybody hinder you
When you would have your way?

Oh, tell me, little stars ! for much
I wonder why you go
The whole night long, from East to West,
So patiently and slow?"

" We have a Father, little child,
Who guides us on our way :
We never question ; when he speaks,
We listen and obey."

THE OUT-DOOR PARLOR.

THIS cricket is not high enough ;
Mother, please bring a chair :
How prettily these curtains hang,
Parted just like my hair !

Let us pretend that all out-doors
Is one great drawing-room :
Our carpet is so white and clean,
We'll never need a broom.

The sheet of ice where Willie skates
Would make a looking-glass,
If we could only set it up
Where all the people pass.

Oh, what a window we have now !
The sky is all one pane :
The clouds have covered it, like frost
That comes instead of rain.

Let us pretend I've just got up,
An hour or two too soon ;
I put my finger on the frost,
And see ! it makes the moon !

O mother ! think how bright 'twould be
If we could raise it all, —
If we could *only* raise the sash,
And never let it fall.

I think that some time we shall go
Where we can see the light,
Where all the world will be out-doors
And there will be no night.

BABY AND MAMMA.

WHAT a little thing am I !
Hardly higher than the table ;
I can eat and play and cry,
But to work I am not able.

Nothing in the world I know,
But mamma will try and show me ;
Sweet mamma, I love her so,
She's so very kind unto me.

And she sets me on her knee
Very often for some kisses :
Oh ! how good I'll try to be,
For such a dear mamma as this is !

LITTLE WILLIE AND THE APPLE.

LITTLE Willie stood under an apple-tree old,
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low,— how he longed for a bite !
Though he knew, if he took one, it wouldn't be right.

Said he : " I don't see why my father should say,
' Don't touch the old apple-tree, Willie, to-day ; '
I shouldn't have thought — now they're hanging so
low —

When I asked for just one, he would answer me ' No. '

He would never find out, if I took but just one ;
And they do look so good, shining out in the sun :
There are hundreds and hundreds, and he wouldn't miss
So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand ; but a low, mournful strain
Came wandering dreamily over his brain :
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
That the angel of conscience quite frequently played.

And he sung : " Little Willie, beware ! oh, beware !
Your father has gone, but your Maker is there :
How sad you would feel, if you heard the Lord say,
' This dear little boy stole an apple to-day ' ! "

Then Willie turned round, and, as still as a mouse,
Crept slowly and carefully into the house ;
In his own little chamber he knelt down to pray
That the Lord would forgive him, and please not to say,
" Little Willie *almost* stole an apple to-day."

M. A. D.

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the glorious land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

THE LADY-BUG.

THE lady-bug sat in the rose's heart,
And smiled with pride and scorn,
As she saw a plain-dressed ant go by
With a heavy grain of corn.

So she drew her curtains of damask around,
And adjusted her silken vest ;
Making her glass of a drop of dew
That lay in the rose's breast :

Then laughed so loud that the ant looked up,
And seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice, but travelled along
At the same industrious pace.

But a sudden wind of autumn came,
And rudely swept the ground ;
And down the rose with the lady-bug bent,
And scattered its leaves around.

Then the houseless lady was much amazed,
For she knew not where to go ;
Since cold November's surly blast
Had brought both rain and snow.

Her wings were wet, and her feet were cold,
And she thought of the ant's warm cell ;
And what she did in the wintry storm,
I'm sure I cannot tell.

But the careful ant was in her nest,
With the little ones by her side :
She taught them all like herself to toil,
Nor mind the sneer of pride.

And I thought, as I sat at the close of day,
Eating my bread and milk,
It was wiser to work, and improve the time,
Than be idle, and dressed in silk.

MRS. SIGOURNEY

THE VAIN LITTLE GIRL.

WHAT, looking in the glass again !
Why is my silly child so vain ?
Do you think yourself as fair
As the gentle lilies are ?

Is your merry eye as blue
As the violets, wet with dew ?
Yet it loves the best to hide
By the hedge's shady side.

When your cheek the brightest glows,
Is it redder than the rose?
But the rose's buds are seen
Almost hid with moss and green.

Little flowers, that open gay,
Peeping forth at break of day,
In the garden, hedge, or plain,
Do you think that *they* are vain? —

SOFTLY, SOFTLY, LITTLE CHILD.

SOFTLY, softly, little child ;
Do not wear that angry brow ;
Do not speak that naughty word :
Angel-steps are near thee now.

Softly, softly, little child,
Drive thy passions far away,
And thy angel visitants
Close will fold their wings and stay.

Softly, softly, little child,
Drop the penitential tear :
Angels catch it ere it falls, —
Bear it up to heaven from here.

Softly, softly, little child,
 Are the songs of angels blent :
 Joyous are the strains above,
 O'er the child that doth repent.

JULIE LEONARD

INDUSTRY.

How doth the little busy Bee
 Improve each shining hour,
 And gather honey all the day
 From every opening flower !

How skilfully she builds her cell !
 How neat she spreads her wax !
 And labors hard to store it well
 With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill
 I would be busy too ;
 For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do.

In books or work or healthful play
 Let my first years be passed ;
 That I may give, for every day,
 Some good account at last.

ISAAC WATTS.

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

“ If I were a sunbeam,
I know what I’d do :
I would seek white lilies
Rainy woodlands through.
I would steal among them :
Softest light I’d shed,
Until every lily
Raised its drooping head.

“ If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I’d go, —
Into lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe ;
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine !
Then they’d think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine.”

“ Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child, whose life is glad
With an inner radiance
Sunshine never had ?
Oh, as God hath blessed thee,
Scatter rays divine !
For there is no sunbeam
But must die or shine.”

THE DIRTY OLD MAN.

IN a dirty old house lived a dirty old man :
Soap, towel, or brushes were not in his plan ;
For forty long years, as the neighbors declared,
His house never once had been cleaned or repaired.

'Twas a scandal and shame to the business-like street,
One terrible blot in a ledger so neat ;
The shop full of hardware, but black as a hearse,
And the rest of the mansion a thousand times worse.

Outside, the old plaster, all spatter and stain,
Looked spotty in sunshine, and streaky in rain ;
The window-sills sprouted with mildewy grass,
And the panes, from being broken, were known to be
glass.

On the rickety sign-board no learning could spell
The merchant who sold, or the goods he'd to sell ;
But for house and for man a new title took growth
Like a fungus, — the Dirt gave its name to them both.

Within there were carpets and cushions of dust,
The wood was half rot, and the metal half rust ;
Old curtains, half cobwebs, hung grimly aloof :
'Twas a spider's *Elysium* from cellar to roof.

There, King of the Spiders, the dirty old man
Lives busy and dirty as ever he can,
With dirt on his fingers and dirt on his face ;
For the dirty old man thinks the dirt no disgrace.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

WHEN General Washington was young,
About as large as I,
He never would permit his tongue
To tell a wilful lie.

Once, when he cut his father's tree,
He owned it to his face ;
And then his father ardently
Clasped him in his embrace.

He told his son it pleased him more
To find him own the truth,
Than if his tree were bending o'er
With rich and golden fruit.

Then like this good and noble youth,
Whose virtues ever shone,
I'll seek the paths of love and truth,
And all my faults will own.

THE ROBIN'S SECRET.

I'm little Robin Red-breast, sir ;
 My nest is in the tree ;
If you look up in yonder elm,
 My pleasant home you'll see.
We made it very soft and nice, —
 My pretty mate and I ;
And all the time we worked at it,
 We sang most merrily.

The green leaves shade our little home
 From the hot, scorching sun ;
So many birds live in the tree,
 We do not want for fun.
The light breeze gently rocks our nest,
 And hushes us to sleep ;
We're up betimes to sing our song,
 And the first daylight greet.

I have a secret I would like
 The little girls to know ;
But I won't tell a single boy, —
 They rob the poor birds so.
We have four pretty little nests,
 We watch them with great care ;
Full fifty eggs are in this tree, —
 'Don't tell the boys they're here.

Joe Thomson robbed the nest last year,
And year before, Tom Brown ;
I'll tell it loud as I can sing,
To every one in town.
Swallow and sparrow, lark and thrush,
Will tell you just the same :
To make us all so sorrowful,
Ah, isn't it a shame !

And did you hear the concert
This morning from our tree ?
We give it every morning,
Just as the clock strikes three.
We praise our great Creator,
Whose holy love we share :
Dear children, learn to praise him too,
For all his tender care.

PENNY GAZETTE.

THE CHERRY-TREE.

THE good Lord to the Spring once said,
"The little worm's table now spread."
Then quick was a cherry-tree seen,
Covered with leaves all fresh and green.
The little worm waked from his long winter night,
And, rubbing his eyes at the sight of the light,

Placed himself at his table (needing no chair),
And with quick-tooth appetite gnawed here and there.
"Oh, how sweet are these leaves!" the little worm said;
"One would hardly go back to one's cold winter bed."

The good Lord to the Spring then said,
"The little bee's table now spread."
A perfume sweet then filled the air,
Tempting the bee with blossoms fair.

The little bee wakes with the first morning light,
And swift to the cherry-tree hastens his flight:
"Ah! here is my coffee in cups porcelain,"
Says the little bee, smelling and smelling again.
Then he puts in his tongue, but could scarcely eat,
It wagged so with talking: "How sweet! oh, how
sweet!"

Sure sugar is cheap," says he, drinking his fill
From the clean china cups,— then flew o'er the hill.

The good Lord then to Summer said,
"The small sparrow's table now spread."
The good tree then her blossoms cast,
And spread the sparrow's rich repast.

In place of the flowers where the little bee fed,
Came thousands of cherries, so fresh and so red;
And the sparrow said, "Is it so meant indeed?
I'll be seated then soon,— no second call need.
In marrow and bone will this fruit make me strong,
And strengthen my throat for a new, sweeter song."

To Autumn, then the good Lord said,
"Clear off the table, — all are fed."

Then hoar-frost came up from his icy abode ;
And the rude autumn blasts on the storm-cloud rode ;
And the wild winds moaned, as the leaves flew around,
"What comes from the dust must go back to the
ground."

Then to Winter, he said, to close up the scene,
"Cover up what is left with a napkin clean ;"
And he bade the storm-cloud, that doeth his will,
And he spread his white robe on valley and hill.

THE TIRED BOY.

A BOY went into the pleasant fields
For the purpose of taking a walk ;
But soon he grew tired, and this was the way
That the urchin began to talk :
"I can't stir another step," said he,
"If something only would carry me !"

There flowed a little brook rippling along,
And that took him up in a trice ;
So right on the water he sat himself down,
And said, "Now, this is nice."

But what do you think? The brook was cold,
He felt half-frozen, and out he rolled;
And, "I'm sure I can't go so," said he,
"If something would but carry me!"

Then a nice little boat came sailing by,
And the boy got into that;
He sat himself down in the midst of the skiff,
And said, "Now this comes pat."
But what do you think? The boat was small,
And the boy was afraid he should get a fall.
So, "I'm sure I can't go so," said he,
"If something only would carry me!"

Then a poor snail came creeping along,
And the boy got upon his shell;
He sat himself down, and crossed his legs,
And said, "This suits me well."
But what do you think? The snail was slow,
And the boy grew tired of creeping so;
And, "This is no way to go," said he,
"If somebody only would carry me!"

Then came a horseman galloping by,
And he to carry the boy would try;
So the child sat down on the horse behind,
And said, "This exactly suits my mind."
But what came next? The horse went fast,
Much too quick for the youngster's taste:

He was tossed about, now here, now there,
Till half the time he was up in the air ;
And, " Oh, I can't go so," cried he,
" If something only would carry me ! "

Then a tree stuck its branches into his hair,
And carried my gentleman up in the air.
It hung him up on the highest bough,
And there is the little boy hanging now ;
So to-morrow the children shall come with me,
And we will go shake him down from the tree.

FROM THE GERMAN.

CHOOSING A NAME.

I HAVE seen my new-born sister ;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing-woman brought her
To papa, — his infant daughter, —
How papa's dear eyes did glisten !
She will shortly be to christen ;
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her :
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa ?
Ann and Mary, they're too common ;
Joan's too formal for a woman ;

Jane's a prettier name beside,
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if 'twas Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books ;
Ellen's left off long ago ;
Blanche is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are so good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine ;
What do you think of Caroline ?
How I'm puzzled and perplexed
What to choose or think of next !
I am in a little fever
Lest the name that I should give her
Should disgrace her or defame her :
I will leave papa to name her.

MARY LAMB.

THE LITTLE TREE.

A LITTLE tree grew in a wood,
The place itself was very good,
But shrubs and trees grew round about,
And many a bush beside :
They grew so close, that they were pushed
And squeezed on every side ;

And our little tree was bowed,
And pressed together in the crowd.
The tree considered with itself,
And came to this conclusion,
" I shan't stay here another day,
I don't like such confusion !
I mean to find a better place,
Away from all these folks,
Where not a beech nor birch tree grows,
And neither pines nor oaks ;
Where I can plant myself at ease,
And dance about just as I please."

With these remarks, the tree set forth,
And found out presently
A nice place in the meadow-land
Without a single tree ;
And there it planted itself out,
And danced its branches all about.
If one were looking for a place,
A better could not be :
A charming little rivulet
Ran right up to the tree ;
And, if the tree was in a heat,
The rippling water cooled its feet.
If the tree was cold, the sunlight
Shone warm upon the place,
And a fresh wind blew round about
This pleasant open space,

And used its bellows merrily
To help the dancing of the tree.

All summer long our little friend
Went dancing up and down,
Till at last in a very lively dance
It lost its leafy crown.
Down fell the leaves, — a sight to see ;
Not one was left upon the tree.
Some fell into the water,
And some flew into the sun ;
And the wind blew off the rest of them,
And scattered every one.

When autumn came, and it grew cold,
The tree began to freeze :
It called the brook, and said, " Give back
My leaves now, if you please ;
For, in this keen and frosty air,
I want a winter dress to wear."
But the brook said, " I cannot give
Your leaves back, little tree,
I soon sucked in — in fact, I drowned —
All those that fell on me."

Then to the sunshine, said the tree,
" Prithee, give back my leaves to me !
I'm freezing in this blast."
But the sun answered, " Not so fast.

Such of your leaves as fell to me
Are gone, you understand ;
For, as I held them for a while,
They scorched in my hot hand.”

Then hastily the tree addressed
The free wind blowing by,
Saying, “ Beseech you, give my leaves
To me, or I shall die.”
But the wind answered, like the sun,
“ I’m sorry, but it can’t be done ;
For I blew all your leaves one day
Over the hills and far away.”

Then softly said the little tree,
“ I know what I will do !
I’ll go back to the wood again
Where in old times I grew
And, where the trees grow close together,
Get shelter from this bitter weather.”
So off it set, and fast it ran
Till to the wood it came ;
It saw the trees stand close and thick,
And longed to do the same.
It asked the first tree it could see,
“ Pray, have you any room for me ? ”
“ No : not a corner ! ” said the tree.
It asked the next tree standing there,
But that had not an inch to spare.

It went from tree to tree in vain,—
It could not find a place again ;
In summer they stood close together,
And closer still in the cold weather.
Of no avail were pains and care,—
Our tree could get no entrance there,
And, without any clothes to wear,
Went sorrowful away.

Just then a peasant passed along
With an axe upon his shoulder,
Rubbing his hands as if he thought
The days were growing colder :
“ There ! ” said our lively little tree,
“ That is the very man for me !
He is a wood-cutter, I see,
I hail him as a brother.”
Quickly it spoke, “ My friend ! look you
I’m freezing, and you’re freezing too ;
Now each of us can help the other,
And do himself no harm :
Up with your axe, and cut me down ;
Then light your fire, and lay me on,
And we shall both be warm.”

The wood-cutter was nowise slow
To follow such advice :
He heaved his axe, and dealt a blow
That lay the trunk and branches low
Before him in a trice.

And next he chopped it to the size
He thought he should require,
Then took it home, — and, bit by bit,
He put it on the fire.

The largest piece of all the tree
He chanced to bring to us, you see :
So put it on ! 'twill make a blaze,
And cook our supper many days.

FROM THE GERMAN.

FATHER'S STORY.

LITTLE one, come to my knee !
Hark how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
And the wind in the woods a roaring !

Hush, my darling, and listen ;
Then pay for the story with kisses :
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,
In just such a storm as this is !

High up on the lonely mountains,
Where the wild men watched and waited ;
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned and bruised and blinded,—
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And to a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining
Crouching, I sought to hide me :
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened :
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night,
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me ;
Each of us warmed the other :
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-place,
Forth in the wild, wet morning.

Now, darling, kiss me in payment,
And hark how the wind is roaring :
Surely home is a better place
When stormy rain is pouring !

BAYARD TAYLOR

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see ;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, " Dear work, good-night ! good-night ! "

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, " Caw ! caw ! " on their way to bed ;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
" Little black things, good night ! good night ! "

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's " Bleat ! bleat ! " came over the road,
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
" Good little girl, good-night ! good-night ! "

She did not say to the sun " Good-night ! "
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light ;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violets curtsied, and went to bed ;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day,
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning ! good-morning ! our work is begun !"

RICHARD MONKTON MILNES.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

"Oh, call my brother back to me !
I cannot play alone !
The summer comes with flower and bee, —
Where is my brother gone ?

The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track :
I care not now to chase its flight, -
Oh, call my brother back !

The flowers run wild, — the flowers we sowed
Around our garden-tree ;
Our vine is drooping with its load, —
Oh, call him back to me !"

" He would not hear my voice, dear child ;
 He may not come to thee :
The face that once like spring-time smiled
 On earth no more thou'l see.

The rose's brief, bright life of joy,
 Such unto him was given :
Go, thou must play alone, my boy !
 Thy brother is in heaven."

" And has he left his birds and flowers ?
 And must I call in vain ?
And through the long, long summer hours,
 Will he not come again ?

And by the brook, and in the glade,
 Are all our wanderings o'er ?
Oh, while my brother with me played,
 Would I had loved him more ! "

MRS. HEMANS

THE BIRD

" BIRDIE, birdie, will you pet ?
Summer is far and far away yet.
You'll have silken quilts and a velvet bed,
And a pillow of satin for your head ! "

"I'd rather sleep in the ivy wall ;
No rain comes through, though I hear it fall ;
The sun peeps gay at dawn of day,
And I sing, and wing away, away !"

"O birdie, birdie ! will you pet ?
Diamond-stones and amber and jet
We'll string on a necklace fair and fine,
To please this pretty bird of mine !"

"Oh ! thanks for diamonds, and thanks for jet ;
But here is something daintier yet, —
A feather necklace round and round,
That I wouldn't sell for a thousand pound !"

"O birdie, birdie ! won't you pet ?
We'll buy you a dish of silver fret,
A golden cup and an ivory seat,
And carpets soft beneath your feet !"

"Can running water be drunk from gold ?
Can a silver dish the forest hold ?
A rocking twig is the finest chair,
And the softest paths lie through the air, —
Good-by, good-by, to my lady fair !"

WM. ALLINGHAM

THE OPEN DOOR.

WITHIN a town of Holland once
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
So poor, alas ! her children asked
One night, in vain, for bread.
But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that he was good ;
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed to him for food.

When prayer was done, her eldest child, —
A boy of eight years' old, —
Said softly, "In the Holy Book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by ravens brought,
Supplied his prophet's need."
"Yes," answered she ; "but that, my son,
Was long ago, indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again
What he has done before ;
And so, to let the birds fly in,
I will unclose the door."
Then little Dirk, in simple faith,
Threw ope the door full wide,
So that the radiance of their lamp
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed,
And, noticing the light,
Paused to inquire why the door
Was open so at night.

"My little Dirk has done it, sir,"
The widow, smiling, said,
"That ravens might fly in to bring
My hungry children bread."

"Indeed!" the burgomaster cried,
"Then here's a raven, lad;
Come to my home, and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had."
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk
Went to the open door,
Looked up, said, "Many thanks, good Lord;"
Then shut it fast once more.
For, though no bird had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
And sent this full supply.



NATURA
PART
IV

IV



THE CHOICE.



MOTHER, range not overwide ;
Lest what thou seek be haply hid
In bramble-blossoms at thy side,
Or shut within the daisy-lid.

God's glory lies not out of reach :
The moss we crush beneath our feet,
The pebbles on the wet sea-beach,
Have solemn meanings, strange and sweet.

The peasant, at his cottage door,
May teach thee more than Plato knew.
See that thou scorn him not : adore
God in him, and thy nature too.

Know well thy friends. The woodbine's breath,
The woolly tendril on the vine,
Are more to thee than Cato's death,
Or Cicero's words to Cataline.

Nor cross the sea for gems. Nor seek :
Be sought. Fear not to dwell alone.
Possess thyself. Be proudly meek :
See thou be worthy to be known.

We go to Nature not as lords,
But servants ; and she treats us thus :
Speaks to us with indifferent words,
And from a distance looks at us.

We ransack History's tattered page ;
We prate of epoch and costume ;
Call this and that the classic age ;
Choose tunic now, now helm and plume :

But while we halt, in weak debate,
'Twixt that and this appropriate theme,
The offended wild-flowers stare and wait,
The bird hoots at us from the stream.

OWEN MEREDITH.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

THERE's no dew left on the daisies and clover ;
There's no rain left in heaven ;
I've said my "Seven Times" over and over, —
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, — so old, I can write a letter ;
My birthday lessons are done ;
The lambs play always, they know no better ;
They are only one times one.

O moon ! in the night I have seen you sailing,
And shining so round and low ;
You were bright ! ah, bright ! but your light is failing, —
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face ?
I hope, if you have, you will be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee ! you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold ;
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow !
Give me your money to hold.

O columbine ! open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell ;
O cuckoo-pint ! toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell.

And show me your nest with the young ones in it ;
I will not steal them away :
I am old ! — you may trust me, linnet, linnet, —
I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

LUCY.

THREE years she grew, in sun and shower ;
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never seen ;
This child I to myself will take :
She shall be mine ; and I will make
A lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse ; and with me
The girl, on rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle and restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That, wild with glee, across the lawn,
 Or up the mountain, springs ;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
 Of mute, insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend :
 Nor shall she fail to see,
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
 By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
 In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round ;
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
 Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
 Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live,
 Here in this happy dell."

THE FARMER'S BOY.

I SHOULD like to guide the plough,
Cut a furrow clean and straight ;
Run afield, and fetch the cow ;
Eat my luncheon on a gate ;

Drive the team adown the lane,
Happy as I trudge along ;
Shout the rooks from off the grain ;
Whistle back the blackbird's song.

Would I mind the frost or snow ?
Not a bit, if warmly clad ;
Would I loiter as I go,
Like an idle, louty lad ?

No ; I'd rise with early morn,
Busy on throughout the day :
Idle hands but pluck a thorn ;
Honest work's as good as play.

When I lay me down at night,
Oh, how soundly I shall sleep !
Whether it is dark or light,
Safely me my God will keep, —

Keep me, if I seek his love,—
 Rest upon his promised aid :
While I trust in One above,
If I rest, or if I rove,
 What shall make my heart afraid ?

WISHING.

RING-TING ! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright, yellow primrose, blowing in the Spring !
 The stooping boughs above me,
 The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
 And the elm-tree for our king !

Nay, — stay ! I wish I were an elm-tree !
A great, lofty elm-tree, with green leaves gay !
 The winds would set them dancing,
 The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
 And sweetly sing !

Oh, — no ! I wish I were a robin !
A robin, or a little wren, everywhere to go,
 Through forest, field, or garden,
 And ask no leave or pardon,
Till Winter comes with icy thumbs
 To ruffle up our wing !

Well, — tell ! Where should I fly to ?
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell ?
Before a day is over,
Home comes the rover
For mother's kiss, — sweeter this
Than any other thing.

WM. ALLINGHAM.

THE O'LINCON FAMILY.

A FLOCK of merry singing birds were sporting in the grove ;
Some were warbling cheerily, and some were making love :
These were Bobolincon, Wadolincon, Winterseeble, Conquedle ;
A livelier set were never led by taber, pipe, or fiddle ;
Crying, " Pew, shew, Wadolincon ! see, see, Bobolincon,
Down among the tickle tops, hiding in the buttercups !
I know the saucy chap ; I see his shining cap
Bobbing in the clover there : see, see, see ! "

Up flies Bobolincon, perching on an apple-tree,
Startled by his rival's song, quickened by his raillery.
Soon he spies the rogue afloat, curveting in the air,
And merrily he turns about, and warns him to beware !

" 'Tis you that would a wooing go, down among the rushes, O !

But wait a week, till flowers are cheery ; wait a week, and, ere you marry,

Be sure of a house wherein to tarry !

Wadolink, Whiskodink, Tom Denny, wait, wait, wait ! "

Every one's a funny fellow ; every one's a little mellow ;
Follow, follow, follow, o'er the hill and in the hollow !
Merrily, merrily, there they hie ; now they rise, and now they fly ;

They cross and turn, and in and out, and down in the middle, and wheel about,

With a " Phew, shew, Wadolincon ! listen to me, Bobolincon !

Happy's the wooing that's speedily doing, that's speedily doing ;

That's merry and over, with the bloom of the clover !

Bobolincon, Wadolincon, Winterseeble, follow, follow me ! "

Oh, what a happy life they lead, over the hill and in the mead !

How they sing, and how they play ! See, they fly away, away !

Now they gambol o'er the clearing ; off again, and then appearing ;

Poised aloft on quivering wing, now they soar, and now they sing : —

"Oh, let us be merry and moving ! Oh, let us be happy and loving !
For when the midsummer has come, and the grain has ripened its ear,
The haymakers scatter our young, and we mourn for the rest of the year !
Then Bobolincon, Wadolincon, Winterseeble, haste, haste, away !"

WILSON FLAGG.

READY FOR DUTY.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY came up in the cold,
Through the brown mould,
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow lay on many a place.

Daffy-down-dilly had heard under ground
The sweet rushing sound
Of the streams, as they burst off their white winter
chains, —
Of the whistling spring winds, and the pattering rains.

"Now, then," thought Daffy, deep down in her heart,
"It's time I should start !"
So she pushed her soft leaves through the hard-frozen
ground,
Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round.

There was snow all about her, gray clouds overhead ;
The trees all looked dead.

Then how do you think Daffy-down-dilly felt,
When the sun would not shine, and the ice would not
melt ?

“ Cold weather ! ” thought Daffy, still working away ;
“ The earth’s hard to-day !

There’s but a half-inch of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green !

I can’t do much yet ; but I’ll do what I can.
It’s well I began !

For, unless I can manage to lift up my head,
The people will think that the Spring herself’s dead ! ”

So, little by little, she brought her leaves out,
All clustered about ;
And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-down-dilly, so brave and so true !
I wish all were like you !

So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And holding forth courage and beauty together.

MISS WARNER

THE WINTER KING.

OH ! what will become of thee, poor little bird ?
The muttering storm in the distance is heard ;
The rough winds are waking, the clouds growing black,
They'll soon scatter snow-flakes all over thy back !
From what sunny clime hast thou wandered away ?
And what art thou doing, this cold winter's day ?

" I'm picking the gum from the old peach-tree.
The storm does not trouble me. Pee, dee, dee ! "

But what makes thee seem so unconscious of care ?
The brown earth is frozen, the branches are bare ;
And how canst thou be so light-hearted and free,
Like liberty's form, with the spirit of glee,
When no place is near for thy evening nest,
No leaf for thy screen, for thy bosom no rest ?

" Because the same Hand is a shelter for me,
That took off the summer leaves. Pee, dee, dee ! "

But man feels a burden of care and of grief,
While plucking the cluster, and binding the sheaf.
In the summer we faint, in the winter we're chilled ;
With ever a void that is yet to be filled.
We take from the ocean, the earth, and the air ;
Yet all their rich gifts do not silence our care.

" A very small portion sufficient will be,
If sweetened with gratitude. Pee, dee, dee ! "

I thank thee, bright monitor : what thou hast taught
Will oft be the theme of the happiest thought.
We look at the clouds, — while the birds have an eye
To Him who reigns over them, changeless and high.
So now, little hero, just tell me thy name,
That I may be sure whence my oracle came.

“ Because in all weather I’m happy and free,
They call me the Winter King. Pee, dee, dee ! ”

But soon there’ll be ice weighing down the light bough
On which thou art flitting so playfully down ;
And though there’s a vesture, well fitted and warm,
Protecting the rest of thy delicate form,
What then wilt thou do with thy little bare feet,
To save them from pain, ’mid the frost and the sleet ?

“ I can draw them right up in my feathers, you see,
To warm them, and fly away. Pee, dee, dee ! ”

MISS H. F. GOULD.

WHAT THE BIRDS SAY.

SAID the Chaffinch, “ Sweet, sweet, sweet !
O bring my pretty love to meet me here ! ”
“ Chaffinch,” said I, “ be dumb awhile, in fear
Thy darling prove no better than a cheat,
And never come, or fly when wintry days appear.”

Yet from a twig,
With voice so big,
The little fowl his utterance did repeat.

Said I : "The man forlorn
 Hears earth send up a foolish noise aloft."
 " And what'll *he* do? what'll *he* do? " scoffed
 The Blackbird, standing in an ancient thorn ;
 Then spread his sooty wings, and flitted to the croft,
 With cackling laugh :
 Whom I, being half
 Enraged, called after, giving back his scorn.

Worse mocked the Thrush : "Die, die !
 Oh ! could he do it? could he do it? Nay !
 Be quick ! be quick ! Here, here, here ! " (went his
 lay ;)
 "Take heed ! take heed ! " Then : "Why? why?
 why? why? why?
 See—ee now ! see—ee now ! " (he drawled ;)
 "Back ! back ! back ! R-r-r-run away ! "
 O Thrush, be still !
 Or, at thy will,
 Seek some less sad interpreter than I !

" Air, air ! blue air and white !
 Whither I flee, whither, oh whither, oh whither I flee ! "
 (Thus the Lark hurried, mounting from the lea.)
 Hills, countries, many waters glittering bright,
 " Whither I see ! whither I see ! Deeper, deeper, deeper,
 whither I see, see, see ! "
 " Gay Lark," I said,
 " The song that's bred
 In happy nest may well to heaven make flight ! "

“ There’s something, something sad,
I half remember,” piped a broken strain.
Well sung, sweet Robin ! Robin sang again,
“ Spring’s opening cheerily, cheerily ! Be we glad ! ”
Which moved, I wist not why, me melancholy mad ;
Till now, grown meek,
With wetted cheek,
Most comforting and gentle thoughts I had.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE WOOD- MOUSE.

Do you know the little wood-mouse,
That pretty little thing,
That sits among the forest leaves,
Beside the forest spring ?

Its fur is as red as the red chestnut,
And it is small and slim ;
It leads a life most innocent
Within the forest dim.

’Tis a timid, gentle creature,
And seldom comes in sight ;
It has a long and wiry tail,
And eyes both black and bright.

It makes its nest of soft, dry moss,
In a hole so deep and strong ;
And there it sleeps secure and warm,
The dreary winter long.

And though it keeps no almanac,
It knows when flowers are springing ;
And waketh to its summer life
When nightingales are singing.

Upon the boughs the squirrel sits,
The wood-mouse plays below ;
And plenty of food it finds itself
Where the beech and chestnut grow.

In the hedge-sparrow's nest he sits
When its summer brood is fled,
And picks the berries from the bough
Of the hawthorn overhead.

I saw a little wood-mouse once,
Like Oberon in his hall,
With the green, green moss beneath his feet,
Sit under a mushroom tall.

I saw him sit, and his dinner eat,
All under the forest-tree ;
His dinner of chestnut, ripe and red ;
And he ate it heartily.

I wish you could have seen him there :
It did my spirit good
To see the small thing God had made,
Thus eating in the wood.

I saw that He regardeth them, —
Those creatures weak and small ;
Their table in the wild is spread
By Him who cares for all.

MRS. MARY HOWITT.

THE COUNTRY CHILD.

WITH mingled trembling and delight,
And slowly falling feet,
A little country maiden now
Is passing down the street :
A country child, — I know it by
Her timid air, her wondering eye.

The warm sunlight has kissed her brow,
And tinged her cheek with brown ;
The odor of the violets
Comes with her to the town :
We almost guess the woodland place
Where she has dwelt, from her sweet face !

We almost read her inner thoughts
Through her large, wistful eyes ;
How bright to her the city seems,
How much like Paradise,
As Nature's child, with bounding heart,
Looks, for the first glad time, on Art !

The merchant, in his storehouse door,
Smiles as she passes by ;
The laborer pauses in his work,
To watch her, with a sigh :
Where'er she goes, she wakens dreams
Of shady nooks and rippling streams.

She seems to bring the country here, —
Its birds, its flowers, its dew ;
And slowly, as, amid the throng,
She passes from our view,
We watch her sadly, as we might
Some pleasant landscape fade from sight.

Ah, well ! we would not keep her here,
These dusty streets to roam, —
So fair a flower should open with
The daisy buds at home ;
'Mid primrose stars, as sweet and wild,
As she will be, — dear, woodland child !

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

THE GRAY SQUIRRELS.

THERE were hundreds that in the hollow boles
Of the old, old trees did dwell,
And laid up their store hard by their door,
Of the beech-nuts, as they fell.

But soon the hungry wild swine came,
And with thievish snouts dug up
Their buried treasure, and left them not
So much as an acorn-cup.

Then did they chatter in angry mood,
And one and all decree,
Into the forests of rich stone-pine,
Over hill and dale to flee.

Over hill and dale, over hill and dale,
For many a league they went ;
Like a troop of undaunted travellers,
Governed by one consent.

But the hawk and eagle and peering owl
Did dreadfully pursue ;
And the farther the gray squirrels went,
The more their perils grew.
When, lo ! to cut off their pilgrimage,
A broad stream lay in view.

But then did each wondrous creature show
His cunning and bravery ;
With a piece of the pine bark in his mouth,
Unto the stream came he,

And boldly his little bark he launched,
Without the least delay ;
His bushy tail was his upright sail,
And he merrily steered away.

Never was there a lovelier sight
Than that gray squirrel's fleet ;
And with anxious eyes I watched to see
What fortune it would meet.

Soon had they reached the rough mid-stream,
And ever and anon
I grieved to behold some small bark wrecked,
And its little steersman gone.

But the main fleet stoutly held across ;
I saw them leap to shore :
They entered the woods with a cry of joy,
For their perilous march was o'er.

MRS. MARY HOWITT.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect ! what can be
In happiness compared to thee ?
Fed with nourishment divine, —
The dewy morning's gentle wine !
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill :
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread, —
Nature's self's thy Ganymede !
Thou dost drink and dance and sing,
Happier than the happiest king !
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee ;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough ;
Farmer he, and landlord thou !
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country minds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year.
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire ;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.

Happy insect ! happy thou,
 Dost neither age nor winter know !
 But when thou'st drunk and danced and sung
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
 (Voluptuous and wise withal,
 Epicurean animal !)
 Sated with the summer feast,
 Thou retirest to endless rest.

A. COWLEY.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

I'VE watch'd you now a full half-hour,
 Self-poised upon that yellow flower ;
 And, little butterfly, indeed,
 I know not if you sleep or feed !
 How motionless ! Not frozen seas
 More motionless ! And then
 What joy awaits you, when the breeze
 Has found you out among the trees,
 And calls you forth again !

This plot of orchard ground is ours ;
 My trees they are, my sister's flowers .
 Here rest your wings when they are weary ;
 Here lodge as in a sanctuary !
 Come often to us ; fear no wrong ;
 Sit near us on the bough.

We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days when we were young ;
Sweet, childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

WORDSWORTH.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

THE hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
The spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head ;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For, see, a rainbow spans the sky !
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark how the chairs and tables crack !
Old Betty's joints are on the rack ;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry ;
The distant hills are seeming nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine !
The busy flies disturb the kine ;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings ;
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings !
Puss on the earth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.

Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illumed the dreary dell last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen
Hopping and crawling o'er the green ;
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays ;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is dressed.
Though June, the air is cold and still,
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill.
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast ;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight !
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain, I see with sorrow :
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

E. JENNER.

THE LARK'S SONG.

" GOOD-NIGHT, Sir Rook," said a little lark ;
" The daylight fades, it will soon be dark :
I've bathed my wings in the sun's last ray,
I've sung my hymn to the dying day ;
So now I haste to my quiet nook
In yon dewy meadow. Good-night, Sir Rook."

"Good-night, poor Lark," said his titled friend,
With a haughty toss and a distant bend ;
"I also go to rest profound,
But not to sleep on the cold, damp ground.
The fittest place for a bird like me
Is the topmost bough of yon tall pine-tree.

I opened my eyes at peep of day,
And saw you taking your upward way,
Dreaming your fond, romantic dreams, —
An ugly speck in the sun's bright beams ;
Soaring too high to be seen or heard, —
And said to myself, 'What a foolish bird ! '

I trod the park with a princely air ;
I filled my crop with the richest fare ;
I cawed all day 'mid a lordly crew,
And I made more noise in the world than you !
The sun shone full on my ebon wing ;
I looked and wondered. Good-night, poor thing ! "

"Good-night, once more," said the Lark's sweet voice :
"I see no cause to repent my choice.
You build your nest in the lofty pine,
But is your slumber more soft than mine ?
You make more noise in the world than I,
But whose is the sweeter minstrelsy ? "

ROBIN RED-BREAST.

GOOD-BY, good-by to summer !
For summer's nearly done ;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun.
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away ;
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,
And scarlet breastknot gay.
Robin, Robin Red-breast,
O Robin dear !
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts ;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts.
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough ;
It's autumn, autumn, autumn, late, —
'Twill soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Red-breast,
O Robin dear !
And what will this poor Robin do ?
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house :
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow, —
Alas ! in winter, dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go ?
Robin, Robin Red-breast,
O Robin dear !
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE ROBIN RED-BREAST.

ART thou the bird whom man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English robin ;
The bird that comes about our doors
When autumn winds are sobbing ?
Art thou the Peter of Norway boors ?
Their Thomas in Finland,
And Russia, far inland ?
The bird who by some name or other
All men who know thee call thee brother ?

WORDSWORTH.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED."

GIVE ! as the morning that flows out of heaven ;
Give ! as the waves when their channel is riven ;
Give ! as the free air and sunshine are given ;

Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give !

Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing ;
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing ;
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing :

Give as He gave thee who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river,
Wasting its waters, for ever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver :

Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.

Scatter thy life as the summer's shower pouring ;
What if no bird through the pearl rain is soaring ?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring ?

Look to the life that was lavished for thee !

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses ;
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses ;
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses :

Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.

What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses ?
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes ?
Sweeter is music with minor-keyed closes,
Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over :
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover :
 What shall thy longing avail in the grave ?
Give as the heart gives whose fetters are breaking, —
Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking ;
Soon heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
 Thou shalt know God, and the gift that he gave.

WINTER FLOWERS.

SOFTLY down from the cold, gray sky, ,
On the withering air, they flit and fly ;
Resting anywhere, there they lie, —

 The feathery flowers.

Born on the breath of the wintry day,
Leaves and flowers and gems are they ;
Fresh and fair as the gay array
 Of the sunlit hours.

Forests grand on the windows grow,
Majestic boughs their branches throw,
And delicate traceried leaves all glow

 With many a flower.

Mosses and fringed ferns are traced,
With glistening gems among them placed,
And lofty branches interlaced,

 All in an hour.

One by one, to the frozen clod,
Beautiful forms, from the hand of God,
Falling now on the grave-marked sod,
Withered and cold :
Now on the old man's whitened hair,
Caught in the child's hand, soft and fair ;
Now piled like Alpine mountains bare,
Lofty and bold.

Some brightening shadows each dark hour brings,
And e'en to the wintry hour there clings
Some type of brighter and lovelier things,
Fairer to be.
Of beauty, brighter than earth, awaits
A holy city, with pearly gates,
Whose light His glory all creates,
Whose temple, He !

C O R N - F I E L D S.

WHEN on the breath of Autumn's breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating, like an idle thought,
The fair, white thistle-down, —
Oh then what joy to walk at will
Upon the golden harvest-hill !

What joy in dreamy ease to lie
Amid a field new shorn ;
And see all round, on sunlit slopes,
The piled-up shocks of corn ;
And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore !

I feel the day ; I see the field ;
The quivering of the leaves ;
And good old Jacob, and his horse,
Binding the yellow sheaves !
And at this very hour I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream !

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
And reapers many a one
Bending unto their sickles' stroke,
And Boaz looking on ;
And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there !

Again, I see a little child,
His mother's sole delight, —
God's living gift of love unto
The kind, good Shunamite :
To mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.

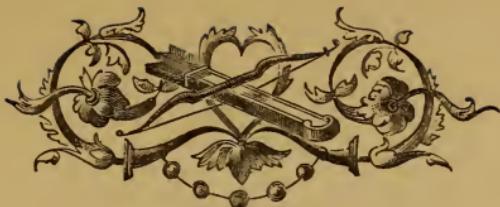
The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,
The fields of Galilee,
That eighteen hundred years ago
Were full of corn, I see ;
And the dear Saviour take his way
'Mid ripe ears on the sabbath-day.

Oh golden fields of bending corn,
How beautiful they seem !
The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,
To me are like a dream ;
The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there !

MARY HOWITT.







THE FAIRIES.



P the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men :
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together ;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather !

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home ;
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam :
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,

With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old king sits ;
He is now so old and gray,
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses ;
Or going up with music,
On cold, starry nights,
To sup with the queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees,
For pleasure, here and there.
Is any man so daring
To dig one up in spite ?
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men :

Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together ;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather !

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

COME follow, follow me,
You fairy elves that be !
Which circle on the green,
Come follow Mab, your queen !
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied
Through keyholes we do glide :
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

Upon a mushroom's head
Our tablecloth is spread ;
A grain of rye or wheat
Is manchet, which we eat ;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn-cups filled to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stewed,
Is meat that's easily chewed :
Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly
Serve for our minstrelsie :
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile.
And, if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk ;
Yet, in the morning, may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

BEN JONSON

FAIRIES.

O YE little tricksey gods !
Tell me where ye sleep o' nights,
Where ye laugh and weep o' nights !
Is it in the velvet pods
Of the drooping violets, —
In the purple palaces,
Scooped and shaped like chalices ?
Or beneath the silver bend,
In among the cooling jets,
Of iris-haunted, wood cascades,
That tumble down from porphyry heights ?
Do ye doze in rose-leaf boats,
Where the dreamy streamlet floats,
Full of fish and phosphorus motes,
Through the heart of pleasant glades ?

When we crush a pouting bloom,
Ten to one we kill a Fairy !
May be that the light perfume
In our nostrils, sweet and airy,
Is the spirit of the Fairy
Floating upward. Oh, be wary !
Who can tell what size or make
The wilful little beings take ?
There's a bird ; now, who can say
'Tis a robin, or a fay ?

Why may not immortal things
Go on red and yellow wings?
Lo! I see some dewdrops there
Glistening in the amber hair
 In the waving tufts of corn.
Are they eyes of "little folks,"
Giving, with their roguish looks,
 Fresher beauty to the morn?

T. B. ALDRICH.

THE FAIRIES' DANCE.

WHEN do the Fairies dance? you ask:
When they have finished their daily task,—
Have painted each flower with its varied hue,
And touched the sky with a deeper blue,
Folding the gentian's soft fringe up,
Gilding the bowl of the buttercup,
Hanging the spider's web with dew,
Till it seemed as if there the diamonds grew.

• • • • •
Low in the west, like a chandelier,
Rises the moon, so bright and clear,
And the stars come forth, as if to view
What the Fairies were going to do.

Down in the grass, so soft and green,
A tufted emerald ring is seen ;
In the centre a rose they place,
The throne which the Fairy queen will grace,
And the rose-leaves seem in love to cling
Round the bright form of the beautiful thing.
And now the day's work all is done,
The music sounds, and the revel's begun.

JULIE LEONARD.

A FAIRY PALACE.

THIS palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placèd there,
That it no tempest needs to fear,
Which way soe'er it blow it :
And somewhat southward tow'rd the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the Fairy can as soon
Pass to the earth below it.
The walls of spiders' legs are made,
Well morticèd and finely laid ;
He was the master of his trade
It curiously that builded :
The windows of the eyes of cats ;
And for the roof, instead of slats,
Is covered with the skins of bats
With moonshine that are gilded.

DRAYTON.

A FAIRY BED.

OF leaves of roses, white and red,
Shall be the covering of the bed ;
The curtains, valance, tester, all
Shall be the flower imperial ;
And, for a fringe, it all along
With azure harebells shall be hung.
Of lilies shall the pillows be,
With down stuffed of the butterfly.

DRAYTON.

FAIRY FAVORS.

Titania.

BE kind and courteous to this gentleman ;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes ;
Feed him with apricots and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries :
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise :
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

SHAKSPEARE.

FAIRY TORMENTS.

" Buzz," quoth the blue fly ;
" Hum," quoth the bee ;
" Buzz" and " Hum," they cry,
 And so do we.
In his ear, in his nose,
 Thus, do you see ?
He ate the dormouse ;
 Else it was he.

BEN JONSON.

QUEEN MAB.

OH, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you !
She is the Fairies' midwife ; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;
Her whip, of crickets' bone ; the lash, of film ;
Her wagoner, a small, gray-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid :
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner-squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the Fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love ;
On courtiers' knees, that dream of court'sies straight ;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream of fees ;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream, —
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit ;
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then, anon,
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes.

SHAKSPEARE.

MOTHER FAIRIE.

GOOD old Mother Fairie,
Sitting by your fire,
Have you any little folks
You would like to hire ?

I want no chubby drudges
To milk and churn and spin,
Nor old and wrinkled brownies
With grizzly beards and thin ;

But patient little people,
With hands of busy care,
Of gentle speech, and loving hearts, —
Say, have you such to spare ?

I know a poor, pale body,
Who cannot sleep at night,
And I want the little people
To keep her chamber bright ;

To chase away the shadows
That make her moan and weep ;
To sing her loving lullabies,
And kiss her eyes asleep ;

And when in dreams she reaches
For pleasures dead and gone,
To hold her wasting fingers,
And make the rings stay on.

They must be very cunning
To make the future shine,
Like leaves and flowers and strawberries
A growing on one vine.

Good old Mother Fairie,
Since now my need you know,
Tell me, have you any folk
Wise enough to go?

Alice Carey.

THE ANSWER.

O Alice, Alice Carey !
You truly meant to joke,
Asking old Mother Fairie
To hire her little folk.

My people all are ready
To *give* their friendly aid ;
But, mind you, fairie favors
Can never be repaid.

Within my crystal palace
Lives many a little fay,
Who, for the love of Alice,
Would labor night and day.

Go, tell that poor pale body,
Who cannot sleep o' nights,
My meek-eyed daughter, Patience,
Will set her room to rights ;

That Faith and Hope (twin sisters)
Will by her pillow stand,
And sing her loving sonnets
About the better land.

She'll listen to their numbers,
Forgetful of her cares,
Till soft and quiet slumbers
Steal o'er her unawares.

In dreams no longer reaching
To pleasures dead and gone,
Her fingers, pointing upwards,
Will let the rings stay on.

Go, tell that poor pale body
To take the Wand of Prayer,
And, when she wants the fairies,
To wave it in the air;

And, though she cannot see them,
Yet, with their still, small voice,
They'll whisper words of comfort,
And make her heart rejoice.







PART
VI

RELIGIOUS
INSTRUCTION.



THE PARENT'S PRAYER.

FATHER of all ! whose sovereign will
Hath called thy servant to fulfil
 The parent's tender part ;
With gifts and graces from above,
With calmest and with wisest love,
 Inspire my erring heart.

Oh may I every moment see
The end for which alone to me
 Thou hast my children given ! —
A blessed instrument divine,
Through thee, to make and keep them thine,
 And train them up to heaven.

My first concern their souls to rear,
And teach their feet with holy fear
 In virtue's paths to tread ;
Their hunger after thee excite,
And stir them up with all their might
 To seek their living bread.

Assist me in this work of love,
My earnest efforts to approve
 To thy all-seeing eye.
And now a Father's blessing give,
And let them in thy service live,
 Or innocently die.

C. WESLEY.

THE MOTHER'S WORK.

STAY not for grand endeavor,
 Worthy a martyr's meed,
While in vain the Master proffers
 The trust, His lambs to feed.
It may be thy share of service
 His purpose to complete,
If steadfastly thou guidest
 Those wayward little feet.

One little footstep passing
The path that Jesus trod ;
One little spirit resting
In loving faith on God ;
One little life more earnest,
More hopeful, and more pure, —
And in an angel's record
Thy lifework shall endure.

THE EVENING PRAYER.

IN the solemn shade of the twilight sky,
Which tells of another day gone by ;
In the hush of thy home, so calm and free, —
Thou art kneeling, child, at thy mother's knee !

And they that kneel in the proudest fane,
Of sculptured pillar and pictured pane,
Of breathing censer and jewelled shrine,
Have found no altar more blest than thine.

For there thou hast learned to praise His might,
Who guides the march of the day and night ;
And there thou hast learned to seek His grace,
Who makes with the meek his dwelling-place.

Say, will that lesson long abide,
When thou art far from thy mother's side ;
When the hair is gray, or the grave is green,
Of her that thine earliest love has been ;

When the snares of life are around thee set,
And the cares have come which thou knowest not yet ;
When business calls thee at early day,
And memories deepen the evening's gray ?

Whate'er the course of thine after-track,
Whate'er the change, will thy heart come back,
In spite of sin and in spite of snare,
To thy mother's knee, and thine evening prayer ?

A MOTHER'S MORNING PRAYER.

UP to me sweet childhood looketh,
Heart and mind and soul awake ;
Teach me of thy ways, O Father !
For sweet childhood's sake.

In their young hearts, soft and tender,
Guide my hand good seed to sow,
That its blossoming may praise thee
Wheresoe'er they go.

Give to me a cheerful spirit,
That my little flock may see
It is good and pleasant service
To be taught of thee.

Father, order all my footsteps ;
So direct my daily way,
That, in following me, the children
May not go astray.

Let thy holy counsel lead me,
Let thy light before me shine,
That they may not stumble over
Word or deed of mine.

Draw us hand in hand to Jesus,
For his Word's sake, unforgot, —
"Let the little ones come to me,
And forbid them not."

B A P T I S M.

IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee his alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
 To glory in his name,
 We blazen here upon thy front
 His glory and his shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
 Christ's quarrel to maintain,
 But 'neath his banner manfully
 Firm at thy post remain ;

In token that thou too shalt tread
 The path he travelled by,
 Endure the cross, despise the shame,
 And sit thee down on high, —

Thus, outwardly and visibly,
 We seal thee for his own ;
 And may the brow that bears his cross
 Hereafter share his crown !

HENRY ALFORD

THE CHILDREN'S HYMN.

SING to the Lord the children's hymn ;
 His gentle love declare,
 Who bends, amid the cherubim,
 To hear the children's prayer.

He at a mother's breast was fed,
Though God's own Son was he ;
He learned the first small words he said,
At a meek mother's knee.

He held us to his mighty breast, —
The children of the earth ;
He lifted up his hands, and blessed
The babes of human birth.

Although he is the Son of God,
Our gracious Saviour too,
The scenes we tread his footsteps trod,
The paths of youth he knew.

And from the stars his face will turn
On us with glances mild :
The angels of his presence yearn
To bless the little child.

Sing to the Lord the children's hymn ;
His gentle love declare,
Who bends, amid the cherubim,
To hear the children's prayer.

THE OLDEST CHRISTIAN HYMN.

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding, in love and truth,
 Through devious ways ;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come thy name to sing,
And here our children bring
 To shout thy praise !

Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word, —
 Healer of strife.
Thou didst thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
 And give us life.

Thou art Wisdom's high-priest ;
Thou hast prepared the feast
 Of holy love :
And, in our mortal pain,
None calls on thee in vain ;
Help thou dost not disdain, —
 Help from above.

Ever be thus our guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
 Our staff and song.
Jesus, thou Christ of God,
By thy perennial word
Lead us where thou hast trod, —
 Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
 And joyful sing.
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to thy Church belong,
Unite, and swell the song
 To Christ, our King.

LYRA DOMESTICA

THE BETTER LAND.

WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going,
 Each with staff in hand?
" We are going on a journey,
 At the King's command.
Over plains and hills and valleys,
We are going to his palace
 In the better land."

Fear ye not the way so lonely, —
 You, a feeble band ?
"No ; for friends unseen are near us ;
 Angels round us stand :
Christ, our leader, walks beside us ;
He will guard us, — he will guide us
 To the better land."

Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
 In the better land ?
"Spotless robes, and crowns of glory,
 From a Saviour's hand.
We shall drink of Life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
 In the better land."

Will you let me travel with you
 To the better land ?
"Come away : we bid you welcome
 To our little band.
Come, oh come ! we cannot leave you ;
Christ is waiting to receive you
 In the better land."

THE UNSEEN WORLD.

THERE is a state, unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be ;
And but a step doth lie between
That world of souls and me.

I see no light, I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread ;
Yet angels pitch their tents around,
And guard my quiet bed.

The things unseen, O God ! reveal ;
My spirit's vision clear,
Till I shall feel and see and know
The heavenly world is near.

Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife ;
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives eternal life.

HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT

"THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN."

THE shining worlds that float in space,
The glittering orbs that deck the sky,
Are not our Father's dwelling-place :
 His home is ever nigh.

God's kingdom is a world within
 The heart of every breathing child
That throbs with love, or burns with sin,
 Or leaps with passion wild.

'Tis not in some far-distant realm,
 Where saints escape the avenging rod ;
'Tis not where lurid flames o'erwhelm
 The accursed of God ;

'Tis not in missal golden bound ;
 'Tis not in priestly vest or stole ;
'Tis not in forms that God is found, —
 'Tis in the human soul.

W. A. DANSKIN.

MY SHEPHERD.

GREAT Shepherd of the sheep,
Who all thy flock doth keep,
Leading by waters calm,
Do thou my footsteps guide,
To follow by thy side ;
Make me thy little lamb.

I fear I may be torn
By many a sharp-set thorn,
As far from thee I stray :
My weary feet may bleed,
For rough are paths which lead
Out of thy pleasant way.

But, when the road is long,
Thy tender arm, and strong,
The weary one will bear ;
And thou wilt wash me clean,
And lead to pastures green,
Where all the flowers are fair :

Till, from the soil of sin,
Cleansed and made pure within,
Dear Saviour, whose I am,
Thou bringest me in love
To thy sweet fold above, —
A little snow-white lamb.

“REMEMBER THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS
OF THY YOUTH.”

In the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and, trembling, wait
Its summons to the tomb,—

Remember thy Creator, God ;
For him thy powers employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.

Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth :
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

SALISBURY COLLECTION

EARLY PIETY.

WHEN children give their hearts to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes :
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young ;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
May we our hearts resign ;
'Twill please us to look back, and see
That our whole lives were thine.

ISAAC WATTS

THE PURE HEART.

WHATEVER dims thy sense of truth,
Or stains thy purity,
Though light as breath of summer air,
Count it as sin to thee.

Preserve the tablet of thy thoughts
From every blemish free,
While the Redeemer's lowly faith
Its temple makes with thee.

And pray of God, that grace be given
To tread time's narrow way :
How dark soever it may be,
It leads to endless day.

M. W. HALE

G O D.

GOD ! — what a great and awful word !
Oh ! who can speak his worth ?
By saints in heaven he is adored,
And feared by men on earth ;
And yet a little child may bend,
And say, " my Father and my Friend."

The glorious sun which blazes high,
The moon more pale and dim,
And all the stars which fill the sky,
Are made and ruled by him ;
And yet a child may ask his care,
And call upon his name in prayer.

And this large world of ours below,
The waters and the land,
And all the trees and flowers that grow,
Were fashioned by his hand :
Yes ; and he forms our infant race,
And even I may seek his face.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE GREAT TEACHER.

WHO showed the little ant the way
Her narrow hole to bore,
And spend the pleasant summer day
In laying up her store ?

The sparrow builds her clever nest
Of wool and hay and moss :
Who told her how to build it best,
And lay the twigs across ?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flowers,
And lay his store of honey by,
To eat in winter hours ?

'Twas God who showed them all the way,
And gave their little skill,
And teaches children, if they pray,
To do his holy will.

GOD IN NATURE.

THOU art, O God ! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee :
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine ;
And all things fair and bright are thine.

T. MOORE

G O D.

EVERLASTING arms of love
Are beneath, around, above :
God it is who bears us on ;
His the arm we lean upon.
He, our ever-present Guide,
Faithful is, whate'er betide :
Gladly, then, we journey on,
With his arm to lean upon.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

“ Fear not,” said he, — for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;
“ Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you, in David’s town, this day
Is born, of David’s line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign :

The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God ; and thus
Arose their joyful song :

“ All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin, and never cease ! ”

PATRICK

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

CHILD Jesus comes, from heavenly height,
 To free us from sin's keeping :
 In manger straw, in darksome night,
 The Blessed One lies sleeping.
 The star smiles down, the angels greet,
 The oxen kiss the Baby's feet.
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Child Jesus !

Take courage, soul, in grief cast down ;
 Forget the bitter dealing :
 A Child is born in David's town,
 To touch all souls with healing.
 Then let us go and seek the Child,
 Children like him, meek, undefiled.
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Child Jesus !

TRANS. BY L. G. WARE.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

WHAT shall we bring
 Unto our King
 For a Christmas offering ?
 A breast where love,
 Like a brooding dove,
 Makes earth like heaven to prove.

What shall we ring
Unto our King
For a Christmas offering?
Ring out a chime,
Through every clime,
To tell that this is Christ's own time.

This shall we bring
Unto our King
For a Christmas offering :
Good-will increase,
And all strife cease,
And every heart be filled with peace.

JULIE LEONARD.

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

In the green fields of Palestine,
By its fountains and its rills,
And by the sacred Jordan's stream,
And o'er the vine-clad hills,

Once lived and roved the fairest Child
That ever blessed the earth ;
The happiest, the holiest,
That e'er had human birth.

How beautiful his childhood was !
 Harmless and undefiled :
 Oh, dear to his young mother's heart
 Was this pure, sinless child !

Kindly in all his deeds and words,
 And gentle as the dove ;
 Obedient, affectionate,
His very soul was love !

Oh ! is it not a blessed thought,
 Children of human birth,
 That once the Saviour was a child,
 And lived upon the earth ?

“ONLY BELIEVE.”

JESUS said, with soothing voice,
 “ Brother, hast thou made thy choice ?
 Art thou striving to be free,
 Earnestly to follow me ?

Doth thy *heart* in me believe ?
 When thou sinnest, dost thou grieve ?
 Heed'st the monitor within,
 When he chides thee for thy sin ?

If thy fellow-men transgress
And revile thee, dost thou bless, —
Humbly intercede for all,
Fearing lest thyself may fall?

Canst thou estimate the love
That could send me from above,
To present a Father's face,
Yearning for a fallen race?

Doth such love *thy* bosom fill,
Meekly yielding to his will?
Dost the golden rule observe,
Others, not thyself, to serve?

Then thou dost believe in me,
And art saved, art mine, art free.
Brother, thou art born again;
Shalt eternal life attain."

S. SUMNER

L O S T.

COUNT that day lost whose low declining sun
Sees at thy hand no worthy action done.

THE TWO COMMANDMENTS.

THIS is the first and great command, —
 To love thy God above ;
 And this the second, — As thyself
 Thy neighbor thou shalt love.

Who is thy neighbor ? He who wants
 The help which thou canst give :
 And both the law and prophets say,
 "This do, and thou shalt live."

ROScoe.

L O V E.

THOUGH I speak, with angel tongues,
 Bravest words of strength and fire,
 They are but as idle songs,
 If no love my heart inspire :
 All the eloquence shall pass
 As the noise of sounding brass.

Though I lavish all I have
 On the poor, in charity ;
 Though I shrink not from the grave,
 Or unmoved the stake can see, —
 Till by love the work be crowned,
 All shall profitless be found.

LANGE

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so ;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too :

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise ;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild ;
Live like the blessed Virgin's son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb ;
And, as his stature grew,
He grew in favor both with man,
And God his Father too.

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above ;
And, from his heavenly throne,
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

FORGIVENESS.

THINK gently of the erring one ;
 Oh, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
 He is our brother yet !
Heir of the same inheritance,
 Child of the self-same God,
He hath but fallen in the path
 We have in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring ones :
 We yet may lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
 From misery's thorny track.
Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
 And sinful yet may'st be ;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
 As God hath dealt with thee.

MISS FLETCHER.

ONE lesson, shepherd, let us two divide,
 Taught by what Nature shows, and what conceals, —
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
 With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

WORDSWORTH.

CONSCIENCE.

GIVE forth thine earnest cry,
O conscience, voice of God !
To young and old, to low and high,
Proclaim his will abroad.

Within the human breast
Thy strong monitions plead ;
Still thunder thy divine protest
Against the unrighteous deed.

Show the true way of peace,
O thou our guiding Light !
From bondage of the wrong release,
To service of the right.

HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT.

BE TRUE.

THOU must be true thyself,
If thou the truth would'st teach ;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul would'st reach :
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed ;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed ;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

BONAR.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As children ought to be.

Whether I am at home, or school,
Or walking out abroad,
I never should forget this rule
Of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

T H E S O U L.

WHAT is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest ?

Naught that charms the ear or eye
Can its hunger satisfy :
Active, restless, it would pierce
Through the outward universe.

What is it? and whither, whence,
This unsleeping, secret sense ;
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good ?

'Tis the Soul ! — mysterious name !
Him it seeks from whom it came :
It would, mighty God, like thee,
Holy, holy, holy be !

FURNESS.

THE WANT WITHIN.

I FEEL within a want
For ever burning there :
What I so thirst for, grant,
O thou who hearest prayer !

This is the thing I crave, —
A likeness to thy Son ;
This would I rather have
Than call the world my own.

Like him, now, in my youth,
 I long, O God ! to be,
 In tenderness and truth,
 In sweet humility.

'Tis my most fervent prayer,
 Be it more fervent still ;
 Be it my highest care,
 Be it my settled will !

FURNESS

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

HE liveth long who liveth well ;
 All else is life but flung away :
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last ;
 Buy up the moments as they go :
 The life above, when this is past,
 Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
 Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
 And find a harvest-home of light.

H. BONAR.

S E E D S.

A WONDERFUL thing is a seed, —

The one thing deathless for ever !
The one thing changeless, utterly true,
For ever old and for ever new,
And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom ;

Plant hate, and hate will grow :
You can sow to-day, — to-morrow shall bring
The blossom that proves what sort of thing
Is the seed, — the seed that you sow.

THE HONEST MAN.

OH ! who, before the righteous God,

Shall uncondemned appear ?

The man whose soul abides with truth,

In deed and thought sincere ; —

The man whose heart from guile is pure,

Whose hands from bribes are free ;

Who honest poverty prefers

To gainful perjury ; —

The man who to his plighted word
 Has ever firmly stood ;
 Who, though he promise to his hurt,
 Still makes his promise good.

A L I E.

A THISTLE grew in a sluggard's croft,
 Rough and rank with a thorny growth,
 With its spotted leaves and its purple flowers
 (Blossoms of Sin, and bloom of Sloth);
 Slowly it ripened its baneful seeds,
 And away they went in swift gray showers.

But every seed was cobweb winged,
 And they spread o'er a hundred miles of land :
 'Tis centuries now since they first took flight,
 In that careless, gay, and mischievous band,
 Yet still they are blooming and ripening fast,
 And spreading their evil by day and night.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

SMALL SERVICE.

SMALL service is true service, while it lasts ;
 Of friends, however humble, scorn not one :
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

WORDSWORTH

MORNING HYMN.

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep :
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide ;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blessed Jesus, near thy side.

Oh, make thy rest
Within my breast,
Great spirit of all grace !
Make me like thee,
Then I shall be
Prepared to see thy face.

EVENING HYMN.

JESUS, holy Saviour,
In thy tender love,
Teach us, little children,
To be like the dove ;

Kind and very loving
To our playmates all :
Into angry passions
Never let us fall.

So that, when night cometh,
And we kneel to pray,
We may look in gladness
On our well-spent day ;

And may feel thy blessing
Fill each little breast,
Like a soft caressing,
As we go to rest.

JULIE LEONARD

LITTLE STARS ARE SHINING.

LITTLE stars are shining
In the evening sky ;
Little hearts are praying
To the God on high.

Little tongues are saying
Holy songs of praise,
Seeking to be strengthened
In all holy ways.

Little hands are folded
Meekly on each breast,
Asking for a blessing
Ere they go to rest.

Little eyes are sleeping,
Little feet are still ;
But God's angels watch o'er all
Who have done his will.

JULIE LEONARD.

WATCH o'er a little child to-night,
Blest Saviour, from above ;
And keep me, till the morning light,
Within thy arms of love.

ON GOING TO REST.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
Oh, may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near !

We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest :
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run !

And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh, may we in thy bosom rest ! —
The bosom of thy love.

AN EVENING SONG.

How radiant the evening skies !

Broad wing of blue in heaven unfurled ;
God watching, with a thousand eyes,
The welfare of a sleeping world.

He rolls the sun to its decline,
And speeds it on to realms afar,
To let the modest glow-worm shine,
And man behold the evening star.

He lights the wild-flower in the wood ,
He rocks the sparrow in her nest ;
He guides the angels on their road,
That come to guard us while we rest.

When the bee blows his tiny horn
To wake the sisterhood of flowers,
He kindles with his smile the morn,
To bless with light the wingèd hours.

O God ! look down with loving eyes
Upon thy children slumbering here,
Beneath this tent of starry skies ;
For heaven is nigh, and thou art near.

THE SOWER TO HIS SEED.

SINK, little seed, in the earth's black mould ;
Sink in your grave, so wet and so cold ;

There must you lie :
Earth I throw over you,
Darkness must cover you,
Light comes not nigh.

What grief you'd tell, if words you could say ;
What grief make known for the loss of the day !

Sadly you'd speak :
"Lie here must I ever ?
Will the sunlight never
My dark grave seek ?"

Have faith, little seed : soon yet again
Thou'l rise from the grave where thou art lain.

Thou'l be so fair,
With thy green shades so light,
And thy flowers so bright
Waving in air.

So must we sink in the earth's black mould, —
Sink in the grave, so wet and cold ;

There must we stay :
Till at last we shall see
Time change to eternity,
Darkness to day.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF HEAVEN.

DEAR mother, I dreamed about heaven :

I stood at the pearly gate ;
I lifted my little hands to knock,
But they did not let me wait.

It slowly swung on its golden hinge ;
And I saw two angels stand,
Dressed in the softest, purest white,
One on either hand.

They held two beautiful harps, mother,
Of shining, glittering gold :
Which one played the sweeter
I'm sure I could not have told.

And the song they sang was, " Welcome,
Oh welcome, little child !
Fear not to enter heaven's gate,
Washed clean and undefiled."

And so I fearless walked inside ;
And oh ! it was lovelier far
Than any garden I ever saw :
Each flower shone like a star.

And the trees all rustled in music,
Each leaf sang its little song ;
It sounded like the church organ,
Sweetly solemn and strong.

And I saw a beautiful fountain,
That fell like rippling light ;
Even the beams of the moon, mother,
Are not so dazzlingly bright.

Around it played little children ;
All looked happy and smiled :
I did not see an angry look
On the face of any child.

And thus I wandered a long, long time,
No unkind sound I heard ;
They were gentle, and sweet as sweet could be,
And love was in every word.

I spoke to the little children,
And asked if I might stay,
Hearing the beautiful music,
Watching the fountains play.

But they said, "The daylight cometh,
When you must go back to earth ;
But, if you are good and gentle,
And innocent in your mirth ;

If you do not strike your playmates,
Or say an unkind word,
And never let ugly feelings
Within your heart be stirred, —

Some time a beautiful angel,
With wings of snowiest white,
Will bear you up, in his powerful arms,
To our dear Lord's garden of light ;

And again you will hear the music,
And see the angels stand,
With golden harps and golden crowns,
One on either hand :

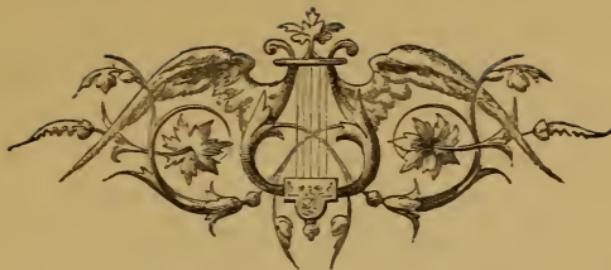
And here you can stay for ever,
In the garden of our Lord,
And bathe in the life-giving fountains,
According to his word.”

And then I woke right up, mother ;
But I'm going to try and be
All that the little children said,
So God may send for me.

JULIE LEONARD







NEW ENGLAND.



AND of the forest and the rock,
 Of dark-blue lake and mighty river,
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
 The storm's career, the lightning's shock, —
 My own green land for ever !
Land of the beautiful and brave,
The freeman's home, the martyr's grave ;
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have linked with every glen
And every hill and every stream
The romance of some warrior-dream :
Oh, never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,

Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood, like a dream of love ;
The stream beneath the green hill flowing,
The broad-armed trees above it growing,
The clear breeze through the foliage blowing :
Or hear, unmoved, the taunt of scorn
Breathed o'er the brave New-England born ;
Or mark the stranger's jaguar-hand

Disturb the ashes of thy dead, —
The buried glory of a land
Whose soil with noble blood is red,
And sanctified in every part, —
Nor feel resentment, like a brand,
Unsheathing from his fiery heart !

J. G. WHITTIER.

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing :
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love :

I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song !
Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathe partake ;
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong !

Our fathers' God, to thee, —
Author of liberty, —
To thee we sing :
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light !
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

S. F. SMITH

THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

'Tis of a little drummer
The story I shall tell ;
Of how he marched to battle,
And all that there befell,

Out in the West with Lyon
(For once the name was true),
For whom the little drummer beat
His rat-tat-too.

Our army rose at midnight,
Ten thousand men as one,
Each slinging on his knapsack,
And snatching up his gun :
"Forward!" and off they started,
As all good soldiers do,
When the little drummer beats for them
The rat-tat-too.

Across a rolling country,
Where the mist began to rise ;
Past many a blackened farmhouse,
Till the sun was in the skies :
Then we met the rebel pickets,
Who skirmished and withdrew,
While the little drummer beat and beat
The rat-tat-too.

Along the wooded hollows
The line of battle ran :
Our centre poured a volley,
And the fight at once began ;

For the rebels answered, shouting,
And a shower of bullets flew :
But still the little drummer beat
His rat-tat-too.

He stood among his comrades
As they quickly formed the line ;
And, when they raised their muskets,
He watched the barrels shine.
When the volley rang, he started ;
For war to him was new :
But still the little drummer beat
His rat-tat-too.

It was a sight to see them,
That early autumn day, —
Our soldiers in their blue coats,
And the rebel ranks in gray ;
The smoke that rolled between them,
The balls that whistled through,
And the little drummer, as he beat
His rat-tat-too.

His comrades dropped around him, —
By fives and tens they fell, —
Some pierced by minie bullets,
Some torn by shot and shell :

They played against our cannon,
And a caisson's splinters flew ;
But still the little drummer beat
His rat-tat-too.

The right, the left, the centre,—
The fight was everywhere :
They pushed us here, — we wavered ;
We drove and broke them there.
The graybacks fixed their bayonets,
And charged the coats of blue ;
But still the little drummer beat
His rat-tat-too.

“ Where is our little drummer ? ”
His nearest comrades say,
When the dreadful fight is over,
And the smoke has cleared away.
As the rebel corps was scattering,
He urged them to pursue ;
For furiously he beat and beat
The rat-tat-too.

He stood no more among them ;
For a bullet, as it sped,
Had glanced and struck his ankle,
And stretched him with the dead

He crawled behind a cannon,
And pale and paler grew ;
But still the little drummer beat
His rat-tat-too.

They bore him to the surgeon,—
A busy man was he :
“A drummer boy,—what ails him?”
His comrades answered, “See !”
As they took him from the stretcher,
A heavy breath he drew,
And his little fingers strove to beat
The rat-tat-too.

The ball had spent its fury :
“A scratch,” the surgeon said,
As he wound the snowy bandage,
Which the lint was staining red.
“I must leave you now, old fellow !”
“Oh take me back with you !
For I know the men are missing me,
And the rat-tat-too.”

Upon his comrade’s shoulder
They lifted him, so grand,
With his dusty drum before him,
And his drumsticks in his hand ;

To the fiery front of battle,
That nearer, nearer drew :
And evermore he beat and beat
His rat-tat-too.

The wounded, as he passed them,
Looked up, and gave a cheer ;
And one, in dying, blessed him,
Between a smile and tear.
And the graybacks, — they are flying
Before the coats of blue,
For whom the little drummer beats
His rat-tat-too.

When the west was red with sunset,
The last pursuit was o'er,
Brave Lyon rode the foremost,
And looked the name he bore :
And before him, on his saddle,
As a weary child would do,
Sat the little drummer, fast asleep,
With his rat-tat-too.

R. H. STODDARD

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

UP from the meadows, rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered fires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep, —

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall, —

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags, with their silver stars,
Forty flags, with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind : the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten, —

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down :

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead ;

Under his slouched hat, left and right,
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

“ Halt ! ” — the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
“ Fire ! ” — out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf ;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“ Shoot, if you must, this gray old head ;
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
O'er the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word :

" Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog ! March on ! " he said.

All day long, through Frederick street,
Sounded the tread of marching feet :

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And, through the hill-gaps, sunset-light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below at Frederick town !

J. G. WHITTIER.

HORATIUS THE ROMAN.

THEN outspake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate :
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh, soon or late ;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temple of his gods ?

Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may ;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path, a thousand
May well be stopped by three :
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me ?"

Then outspake Spurius Lartius, —
A Ramnian bold was he :
" Lo ! I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And outspake strong Herminius, —
Of Litian blood was he :
" I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

" Horatius," quoth the Consul,
" As thou say'st, so let it be ;"
And straight, against that great array,
Forth went the dauntless three.
For Romans, in Rome's quarrels,
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

MACAULAY.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
" This is my own — my native land "?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand ?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well :
 For him no minstrel raptures swell.
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentrated all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

C A S B I A N C A.

Casbianca, son to the Admiral of the "Orient," a boy about thirteen years old, remained at his post, in the battle of the Nile, after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but he had fled ;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet, beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm, —
 A creature of heroic blood ;
 A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on,—he would not go
Without his father's word :
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud : “Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done !”
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

“ Speak, father !” once again he cried,
“ If I may yet be gone ;
And ”— But the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair ;
And looked, from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave, despair ;

And shouted but once more aloud,
“ My father, must I stay ?”
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound :
The boy, — oh ! where was he ?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea, —

With mast and helm and pennon fair,
That well had done their part !
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young, faithful heart.

MRS. HEMANS

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three :
"Good speed !" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;
"Speed !" echoed the wall to us galloping through :
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other : we kept the great pace,
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place :

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,

Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but, while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear :
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-
chime,
So Joris broke silence with, " Yet there is time ! "

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black, every one,
To stare, through the mist, at us galloping past ;
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river-headland its spray ;

And his low head and crest, — just one sharp ear bent
back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance ;
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes, which, aye and anon,
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, " Stay
spur !
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her ;

We'll remember at Aix,"— for one heard the quick
wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering
knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Loos and past Tongres, — no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our foot broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff ;
Till, over by Dalhem, a dome-tower sprang white,
And, " Gallop," cried Joris, " for Aix is in sight ! "

" How they'll greet us ! "— and, all in a moment, his
roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red round his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast my loose buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in my stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer,
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang,— any noise,
bad or good,—
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground ;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted, by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

J A F F A R.

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer, —
Jaffar was dead ; slain by a doom unjust :
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might say,
Ordained that no man living, from that day,
Should dare to speak his name, on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia held their breath, —

All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And, facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily, in the square,
Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried: the man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords!" cried he;
"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said: "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go; and, since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and, holding it
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed: "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

LEIGH HUNT

LOYALTY CONFINED.

BEAT on, proud billows ; Boreas blow ;
Swell, curlèd waves, high as Jove's roof ;
Your incivility doth show
That innocence is tempest proof.

Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm :
Then strike, Affliction ; for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me ;
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty :
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchorét.

I, whilst I wished to be retired,
Into this private room was turned ;
As if their wisdoms had conspired
The salamander should be burned :
Or, like those sophists that would drown a fish,
I am constrained to suffer what I wish.

The cynic loves his poverty ;
The pelican her wilderness ;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus.

Contentment cannot smart : stoics, we see,
Make torments easy to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm,
I, as my mistress' favors, wear ;
And, for to keep my ankles warm,
I have some iron shackles there.

These walls are but my garrison ; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet locked up,
Like some high-prizèd margarite ;
Or, like the Great Mogul, or Pope,
Am cloistered up from public sight :
Retiredness is a piece of majesty ;
And thus, proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin, for want of food, must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen ;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in.
Malice of late's grown charitable, sure :
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious, friendly knife,
Did only wound him to a cure.
Malice, I see, wants wit ; for what is meant
Mischief, oftentimes proves favor by the event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
 Prosperity doth treason seem ;
 And, to make smooth so rough a path,
 I can learn patience from him :
 Now not to suffer shows no loyal heart ;
 When kings want ease, subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king,
 . Neither in person nor in coin ;
 Yet contemplation is a thing
 That renders what I have not, mine.
 My king from me what adamant can part,
 Whom I do wear engraven on my heart ?

Have you not seen the nightingale,
 A prisoner like, cooped in a cage,
 How she doth chant her wonted tale
 In that her narrow hermitage ?
 Even then her charming melody doth prove
 That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
 Thus to deprive of liberty :
 But, though they do my corps confine,
 Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free ;
 And, though immured, yet can I chirp, and sing,
 "Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king ! "

My soul is free as ambient air,
 Although my baser part's immew'd ;

Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
To accompany my solitude.
Although rebellion do my body bind,
My king alone can captivate my mind.

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE, 1668

THE MOTHERS OF 1862.

THEY call for "able-bodied men."
Now, there's our Roger, strong and stout ;
He'd beat his comrades out and out
In feats of strength and skill. What then ?

What then ? Why, only this : you see
He's made of just that sort of stuff
They want on battle-fields. Enough !
What choice was left for him and me ?

So, when he asked me, yesterweek,
" Your blessing, mother !" did I heed
The great sob at my heart, or need
Another word that he should speak ?

Should I sit down, and mope and croon,
And hug my selfishness, and cry,
" Not him, my first-born !" — no, not I :
Thank Heaven, I pipe a nobler tune !

And yet I love him like my life,—
This stalwart, handsome lad of mine :
I warrant me, he'll take the shine
Off half who follow drum and fife.

Now, God forgive me, how I prate !
Ah ! but the *mother* will leap out
Whatever folds we wrap about
Our foolish hearts, or soon or late.

No doubt 'tis weakness, — mother lip
Extolling its own flesh and blood ;
A trick of weakly womanhood
That we should scourge with thong and whip,

No doubt ; and yet I should not dare
Lay an ungloved, cheap offering
Upon my country's shrine, nor bring
Aught but was noble, sweet, and fair.

And so I bring my boy ; too glad
That he is worthy, and that I,
Who bore him once in agony,
Such glorious recompense have had.

Take him, my country ! he is true
And brave and good, — his deeds shall tell
More than my foolish words : 'tis well.
God's love be with the lad and you, —

God's love and care ; and when he comes
Back from the war, and through the street
The crazy people flock to meet
My hero, with great shouts, and drums,

And silver trumpets braying loud,
And silken banners starry gay,
'Twill be to me no prouder day
Than this ; nay, nay, nor half so proud.

And if, — God help me, — if, instead,
They flash this word from some red field :
" His brave, sweet soul, that would not yield,
Leaped upward, and they wrote him '*dead*,' " —

I'll turn my white face to the wall,
And bear my grief as best I may
For Roger's sake, and only say,
" He knoweth best who knoweth all."

And when the neighbors come to weep,
Saying, " Alas the bitter blow ! "
I'll answer, Nay, dear friends, not so :
Better my Roger's hero-sleep,

And nobler far such lot than his
Who dare not strike, with heart and hand,
For Freedom and dear Father-land,
Where death's dark missiles crash and whiz.

And Roger's mother has no tear
So bitter as her tears would be,
If, from the battles of the Free,
Her son shrank back with craven fear.

CAROLINE A. MASON

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

INTO a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne, one day, —
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet, on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's face.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow ;
Pale are the lips of a delicate mould, —
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold :
Cross his hands on his bosom now, —
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once, for somebody's sake ;
Murmur a prayer soft and low ;
One bright curl from its fair mate take, —
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there, —
Was it a mother's, soft and white ?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in their waves of light ?

God knows best ! He was somebody's love
Somebody's heart enshrined him there ;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer :
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand ;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay ;
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him, —
Yearning to hold him again to her heart ;
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop in his grave a tear ;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
" Somebody's darling slumbers here."

THE FATHER-LAND

WHERE is the true man's father-land?

Is it where he by chance is born?

Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?

Oh, yes! his father-land must be,
As the blue heaven, wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,

Where God is God, and man is man?

Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?
Oh, yes! his father-land must be,
As the blue heaven, wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear

Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves;

Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair, —
There is the true man's birthplace grand;
His is a world-wide father-land!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,

Where'er one man may help another, —

Thank God for such a birthright, brother!
That spot of earth is thine and mine:

There is the true man's birthplace grand;
His is a world-wide father-land!

ONDE
CILICRIDA
PÆM

VIII.







ON THE LORD'S SIDE.



OD'S trumpet wakes the slumbering world :
Now, each man to his post !
The red-cross banner is unfurled, —
Who joins the glorious host ?

He who, in fealty to the Truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth, —
He joins the noble host.

He who, no anger on his tongue,
Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness against wrong, —
He joins the sacred host.

He who, with calm, undaunted will,
 Ne'er counts the battle lost ;
But, though defeated, battles still, —
 He joins the faithful host.

He who is ready for the cross,
 The cause despised loves most,
And shuns not pain or shame or loss, —
 He joins the martyr host.

THE SOWERS.

THEY are sowing their seed by the dawnlight fair ;
They are sowing their seed in the noonday's glare ;
They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight ;
They are sowing their seed in the solemn night :
 What shall the harvest be ?

They are sowing the seed of pleasant thought ;
In the spring's green light they have blithely wrought ;
They have brought their fancies from wood and dell,
Where the mosses creep and the flower-buds swell :
 Rare shall the harvest be.

They are sowing their seed of word and deed, . . .
Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed ;

Of the gentle word, and the kindly deed,
That have blessed the heart in its sorest need :

Sweet will the harvest be.

And some are sowing the seed of pain,
Of late remorse, and a maddened brain ;
And the stars shall fail, and the sun shall wane,
Ere they root the weeds from the soil again :

Dark will the harvest be.

And some are standing with idle hand,
Yet they scatter seed on their native land ;
And some are sowing the seed of care,
Which their soil hath borne, and still must bear :

Sad will the harvest be.

They are sowing their seed of noble deed,
With a sleepless watch and an earnest heed ;
With a careless hand o'er the earth they sow,
And the fields are whitening where'er they go :

Rich will the harvest be.

Sown in darkness or sown in light,
Sown in weakness or sown in might,
Sown in meekness or sown in wrath,
In the broad world-field or the shadowy path, —

Sure will the harvest be.

EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY INTEREST.

BEN ADAM had a golden coin, one day,
Which he put at interest with a Jew ;
Year after year, awaiting him, it lay,
Until the doubled coin two pieces grew,
And these two, four, — so on, till people said,
"How rich Ben Adam is!" and bowed the servile
head.

Ben Selim had a golden coin, that day,
Which to a stranger, asking alms, he gave,
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way.

Ben Selim died, too poor to own a grave ;
But, when his soul reached heaven, angels with pride
Showed him the wealth to which his coin had multi-
plied.

"PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE."

UP this world, and down this world,
And over this world and through,
Though drifted about,
And tossed without,
Why, "paddle your own canoe."

What though the sky is heavy with clouds,
Or shining a field of blue;
If the bleak wind blows,
Or the sunshine glows,
Still "paddle your own canoe."

What if breakers rise up ahead,
With dark waves rushing through,
Move steadily by
With a steadfast eye,
And "paddle your own canoe."

If a hurricane rise in the midnight skies,
And the stars are lost to view,
Glide safely along
With a smile and a song,
And "paddle your own canoe."

Up this world, and down this world,
And over this world and through,
Though weary and worn,
Bereft, and forlorn,
Still "paddle your own canoe."

Never give up when trials come,
Never grow sad and blue,
Never sit down
With a tear and a frown,
But "paddle your own canoe."

There are daisies springing along the shores,
Blooming and sweet for you ;
There are rose-hued dyes
In the autumn skies :
Then " paddle your own canoe."

ANNIE E. HOWE.

COURAGE, BOY, COURAGE !

YES, courage, boy, courage ! and press on thy way ;
There is nothing to harm thee, nothing to fear :
Do all which Truth bids thee, and do it to-day ;
Hold on to thy purpose, do right, persevere !

Though waves of temptation in anger may roll,
And storm-cloud on storm-cloud hang dark in the sky,
Still courage, boy, courage ! there's strength in thy
soul ;
Believing and doing bring help from on high.

When breakers are round thee, mid wreck and mid
roar,
Eye closer thy compass, be fervent in prayer ;
The Saviour Almighty can help thee ashore,
And songs of salvation be sung by thee there !

Let joy light thy cheek then, and hope gild thy brow ;
Ne'er parley with wrong, nor ill stay to borrow ;

Let thy object be Truth, and thy watchword be Now !
Make sure of to-day, and trust God for to-morrow.

By deeds of the mighty, who struggled and bled,
Be incited to action, and manfully fight :
Good is worth doing, boy ! and, living or dead,
That good shall reward thee with honor and might.

Then courage, boy, courage ! there's light in the sky :
Be humble, be active, be honest, be true ;
And, though hosts may confront, and though hell lift
 its cry,
"I've conquered !" at last shall be shouted by you.

Rev. T. T. WATERMAN.

LIFE'S MISSION.

Go forth to life, O child of earth !
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth :
Thou art not here for ease or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control ;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth :
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth !
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth !
For noble service thou art here ;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere !

Rev. S. LONGFELLOW

THE LITTLE HEART'S-EASE.

A GARDENER went, one sunshiny day,
To look at his gay parterre ;
To admire his flowers in their handsome array,
As with fragrance they scented the air ;
And to walk in the shade of his stately trees,
That were waving their boughs in the morning breeze.

But, alas ! alas ! when he reached his ground,
What a scene of disorder and sadness he found !
Each beautiful flower was drooping its head,
And rapidly fading away ;
And unnumbered fair leaves on the pathway were shed,
From the trees in their early decay :

And our gardener hastily sought for the reason
Why this should have happened in spring's lovely season.

So he walked up first to his favorite Oak,
All withering, and asked it, "Why?"
And the noble old tree thus mournfully spoke :
" I thought I as well might die ;
For I bear no fruit, nor with flowerets bloom,
And my awkward branches want so much room, —
I'm a clumsy and useless thing :
If I were a rose-tree, like that within reach,
Or if I had fruit like the soft, round peach,
Some profit I then might bring ;
But, as I have nothing but leaves to give,
What motive have I for wishing to live?"

" Well, Lady Rose, with your sweet, open face,
And cheeks of a delicate hue,
I had hoped that for months you my garden would
grace, —
Tell me, what is the matter with you?"
And the pretty Rose said, as she shook on her stem,
" Just look at your oak-trees ; if I were like them,
How happy and proud I should be !
I should rear my tall head in your well-cultured ground,
An ornament there, which for many miles round
Admiring people might see ;
But a poor little flower, unproductive as I,
What use is it to you ? — I'd much rather die."

"O beautiful Vine, which I trained with such care
To climb up the sheltering wall !
Say, why are you trailing so dolefully there ?
And what has occasioned your fall ?"
And the Vine faintly murmured : " As I had not strength
My own weight to sustain, I determined at length
Not to trouble my friends any longer :
Could I yield a shade like the wide-spreading trees,
Or if, like the flowers, I had gifts that would please,
Why, then, I might try to grow stronger ;
But a poor feeble creature, requiring a stay,
Had better make haste to get out of the way."

Quite saddened with looks and with words of gloom,
The gardener with joy espied
A dear little Heart's-ease, in full, rich bloom,
As fresh as a fair young bride :
It turned up its bright, little face toward him,
With a smile which none of its neighbors would dim ;
And he said, with surprise, " How is it
That you so contented and healthful appear ?
And that yours is the only countenance here
That welcomes me in my visit ?"
And the Heart's-ease replied, in a quick, cheerful tone,
" Dear master, I felt that I was not my own.
And it seemed to my simple perception clear,
That you certainly wanted me :
For you would have planted an acorn here,
Had you wished for a stately tree ;

Or had you desired sweet grapes to find,
A vine-plant would in my place have twined ;
And therefore my obvious duty
Was to strive and grow with untiring zest,
Since the hearty endeavor to do one's best
Is the truest worth and beauty ;
And I saw that the work which you gave me to do
Was to grow up a fine little Heart's-ease for you."

Dear reader ! let this simple Heart's-ease teach
The moral which I wish to impart :
Sigh not for stations placed beyond thy reach,
But strive to serve thy Maker where thou art :
The gardener soweth only tiny seeds
Where he desires to raise but simple flowers ;
If God required from thee an angel's deeds,
He would have given thee an angel's powers ;
But all he asks from each of us while here,
Is, that with calm contentment we should rest
In our appointed and appropriate sphere,
And there, with loving spirit, do our best.

THE LADY'S DREAM.

THE lady lay in her bed,
Her couch so warm and soft :
But her sleep was restless and broken still ;
For, turning often and oft
From side to side, she muttered and moaned,
And tossed her arms aloft.

At last she started up,
And gazed on the vacant air
With a look of awe, as if she saw
Some dreadful phantom there ;
And then in the pillows she buried her face
From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook,
Her terror was so extreme ;
And the light that fell on the broidered quilt,
Kept a tremulous gleam ;
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she cried,
“ Oh me ! that awful dream !

“ That weary, weary walk
In the churchyard's dismal ground,
And those horrible things with shady wings,
That came and flitted round :
Death, death, and nothing but death,
In every sight and sound !

And, oh ! those maidens young,
Who wrought in that dreary room,
With figures drooping, as spectres thin,
And cheeks without a bloom ;
And the voice that cried, ' For the pomp of pride,
We haste to an early tomb !

' For the pomp and pleasure of pride,
We toil like Afric slaves,
And only to earn a home at last,
Where yonder cypress waves ; '
And then they pointed — I never saw
A ground so full of graves.

And still the coffins came
With their sorrowful trains and slow ;
Coffin after coffin still,
A sad and sickening show ;
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt
Of such a world of woe !

Of the hearts that daily break,
Of the tears that hourly fall,
Of the many, many troubles of life
That grieve this earthly ball, —
Disease and hunger, and pain and want ;
But now I dreamt of them all !

For the blind and the cripple were there,
And the babe that pined for bread,
And the houseless man, and the widow poor
Who begged — to bury the dead ;
The naked, alas ! that I might have clad,
The famished I might have fed !

The sorrow I might have soothed,
And the unregarded tears ;
For many a thronging shape was there,
From long-forgotten years ;
Ay, even the poor rejected Moor,
Who raised my childish fears !

Each pleading look, that long ago
I scanned with a heedless eye,
Each face was gazing as plainly there
As when I pass'd it by :
Woe, woe for me if the past should be
Thus present when I die !

No need of sulphureous lake,
No need of fiery coal,
But only that crowd of human kind
Who wanted pity and dole
In everlasting retrospect
Will wring my sinful soul !

Alas ! I have walked through life
 Too heedless where I trod ;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm,
 And fill the burial sod, —
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
 Not unremarked of God !

I drank the richest draughts,
 And ate whatever is good ;
Fish and flesh and fowl and fruit
 Supplied my hungry mood :
But I never remembered the wretched ones
 That starve for want of food !

I dressed as the noble dress,
 In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk and satin and costly furs
 In many an ample fold ;
But I never remembered the naked limbs
 That froze with winter's cold.

The wounds I might have healed !
 The human sorrow and smart !
And yet it never was in my soul
 To play so ill a part.
But *evil is wrought by want of thought,*
 As well as want of heart."

She clasped her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream :
Large and bitter and fast they fell,
Remorse was so extreme ;
And yet, oh yet, that many a dame
Would dream the Lady's Dream !

THOMAS HOOD

GOLD.

GOLD ! gold ! gold ! gold !
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled ;
Heavy to get, and light to hold ;
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled ;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould ;
Price of many a crime untold.
Gold ! gold ! gold ! gold !
Good or bad a thousand-fold !

How widely its agencies vary, —
To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless,
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE CRUSE THAT FAILETH NOT.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? rise, and share it with another,

And, through all the years of famine, it shall serve thee and thy brother;

Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew;

Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain;

Seeds, which mildew in the garden, scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily?

Help to bear thy brother's burden: God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldest thou sleep amidst the snow?

Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle? many wounded round thee moan;

Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty? none but God its
void can fill ;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless long-
ing still.
Is the heart a living power? Self-intwined, its strength
sinks low ;
It can only live in loving, and by serving love will
grow.

LITTLE AND GREAT.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea ;
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening-time,
To breathe its early vows ;
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs :
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore ;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern ;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.

He walled it in, and hung with care
 A ladle at the brink :
He thought not of the deed he did,
 But judged that Toil might drink.
He passed again, — and lo ! the well,
 By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
 And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought :
 'Twas old, — and yet 'twas new :
A simple fancy of the brain,
 But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
 And, lo ! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
 A monitory flame.
The thought was small, — its issue great :
 A watch-fire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown,
 And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
 That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
 Unstudied, from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
 A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
 It saved a soul from death.

O germ ! O fount ! O word of love !
 O thought at random cast !
 Ye were but little at the first,
 But mighty at the last !

CHARLES MACKAY.

N O W.

“ To-MORROW, not to-day, I'll do it ! ”
 'Tis thus the idle learn to rue it ; —
 “ To-morrow I will strive anew !
 To-morrow, no more dissipation !
 To-morrow, serious application !
 To-morrow, this and that I'll do.”

And wherefore not *to-day* ? To-morrow
 Will also be for thee too narrow :
 To every day its task assign !
 What's done, we know is *done* for ever ;
 But what to-morrow granteth, never
 Can be foreseen by wit of thine.

On ! on ! or thou wilt be retreating ;
 For flesh is weak, and time is fleeting :
 Advance, or thou wilt backward go !
 What we have *now* is in our power, —
 The present good, the present hour :
 The future, who can claim or know ?

Each day, in base inaction fleeing,
Is, in the volume of thy being,
A page unwritten, blank and void :
Oh ! write on its unsullied pages
Deeds to be read by coming ages :
Be every day alike employed !

SARGENT'S STANDARD SPEAKER

B Y-A N D-B Y E.

“By the street of ‘Bye-and-Bye,’ one arrives at the house of ‘Never.’”
OLD PROVERB

Oh, shun the spot, my youthful friends, I urge you to
beware !
Beguiling is the pleasant way, and softly breathes the
air ;
Yet none have ever passed to scenes ennobling, great
and high,
Who once began to linger in the street of Bye-and-Bye.

How varied are the images arising to my sight,
Of those who wished to shun the wrong, who loved
and prized the right !
Yet from the silken bonds of sloth they vainly strove
to fly,
Which held them gently prisoned in the street of By-
and-Bye.

A youth aspired to climb the height of Learning's lofty hill :

What dimmed his bright intelligence? — what quelled his earnest will?

Why did the object of his quest still mock his wistful eye?
Too long, alas! he tarried in the street of By-and-Bye.

“ My projects thrive,” the merchant said : “ when doubled is my store,

How freely shall my ready gold be showered among the poor ! ”

Vast grew his wealth, yet strove he not the mourner's tear to dry ;

He never journeyed onward from the street of By-and-Bye !

“ Forgive thy erring brother, he has wept and suffered long ! ”

I said to one who answered, “ He hath done me grievous wrong ;

Yet will I seek my brother, and forgive him, ere I die,”
Alas! Death shortly found him in the street of By-and-Bye !

The wearied worldling muses upon lost and wasted days,
Resolved to turn hereafter from the error of his ways ;
To lift his grovelling thoughts from earth, and fix them on the sky :

Why does he linger fondly in the street of By-and-Bye ?

Then shun the spot, my youthful friends; work on
while yet you may;
Let not old age o'ertake you, as you slothfully delay,
Lest you should gaze around you, and discover, with a
sigh,
You have reached the house of "Never," by the street
of By-and-Bye!

MRS. ABDY.

A MOMENT TOO LATE.

A *moment* too late, my beautiful bird,—
A moment too late are you now;
The wind has your soft, downy nest disturbed,—
The nest that you hung on the bough.
A moment too late: that string in your bill
Would have fastened it firmly and strong;
But see, there it goes, rolling over the hill!
Oh! you stayed a *moment* too long.

A moment too late, too late, busy bee,
The honey has dropped from the flower;
No use to creep under the petals to see,—
It stood ready to drop for an hour.
A moment too late: had you sped on your wing,
The honey would not have been gone;
But see what a very, a very sad thing
'Tis to stay a moment too long.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

TOUCH NOT.

TOUCH not the tempting cup, my boy,
Though urged by friend or foe ;
Dare, when the tempter urges most,
Dare nobly say, No — no !
The joyous angel from on high
Shall tell your soul the reason why.

Touch not the tempting cup, my boy,
In righteousness be brave ;
Take not the first, a single step,
Toward a drunkard's grave :
The widow's groan, the orphan's sigh,
Shall tell your soul the reason why.

LET IT PASS.

BE not swift to take offence ;
Let it pass !
Anger is a foe to sense ;
Let it pass !
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long ;
Rather sing this cheery song, —
Let it pass !
Let it pass !

Strife corrodes the purest mind ;
Let it pass !

As the unregarded wind,
Let it pass !

Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve ;
Tis the *noble* who forgive :

Let it pass !
Let it pass !

Echo not an angry word ;
Let it pass !

Think how often you have erred ;
Let it pass !

Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dew-drops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?

Let them pass !
Let them pass !

If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass !

Oh ! be kind and gentle still ;
Let it pass !

Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great:

Let it pass !
Let it pass !

Bid your anger to depart,
Let it pass !
Lay these homely words to heart,
"Let it pass !"
Follow not the giddy throng ;
Better to be wronged than wrong ;
Therefore sing the cheery song, —
Let it pass !
Let it pass !

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

ONE step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended ;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended ;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made ;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers,
By their slow but constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant dark-blue ocean;

And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated efforts
Have been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened
O'er the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You never can get through ;
But just endeavor day by day
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you feared
Will prove to be a plain.

“Rome was not builded in a day,”
The ancient proverb teaches ;
And Nature, by her trees and flowers,
The same sweet sermon preaches.
Think not of far-off duties,
But of duties which are near ;
And, having once begun to work,
Resolve to persevere.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

SAINT Augustine ! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame !

All common things — each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end ;
Our pleasures and our discontents —
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire ; the base design
That makes another's virtues less ;
The revel of the giddy wine,
And all occasions of excess ;

The longing for ignoble things ;
The strife for triumph more than truth ;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dream of youth ;

All thoughts of ill ; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill ;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the noble will, —

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain,
In the bright fields of Fair Renown
The right of eminent domain !

We have not wings, — we cannot soar ;
But we have feet to scale and climb,
By slow degrees, — by more and more, —
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight ;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent, and downcast eyes,
We may discern — unseen before —
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

MOVE ON.

ALL the stars in heaven are moving,
Ever round the bright spheres roving,
Twinkling, beaming, raying, shining,
Blackest night with brightness lining ;
Aye revolving through the years,
Playing music of the spheres,
Like the eastern star of old
Moving toward the shepherd's fold,
Where the wise men — grace to them ! —
Found the Babe of Bethlehem.
God is in each moving star ;
God drives on the Pleiad car :
Let his will on earth be done
As in heaven the stars move on.
Move on ! keep moving !
Progress is the law of loving !

All the waves of sea are flowing,
As the winds of heaven are blowing ;

With a gentle beam-like quiver
Flows the streamlet to the river ;
With a stronger-waved commotion
Flows the river to the ocean ;
While seas' billows evermore
Flow and gain upon the shore,
Wave on wave in bright spray leaping,
Like endeavors never sleeping :
While the pool, which moveth never,
Grows a stagnant bog for ever ;
White-gilled die its tenant tench,
Green its water, foul its stench,
Wildering marsh-fires o'er it run,
While straight flows the river on.

Move on ! keep moving !
Progress is the law of loving.

Thus within the skies and ocean
Life is married unto motion ;
Stars revolve, and rivers flow,
And earth, what said Galileo ?
When in dungeon damply lying,
Faint and tortured, hardly dying,
Yet for truth, with honest pride,
Yet, "It moves ! it moves !" he cried.
And the world ? its life is motion,
As with stars and as with ocean.
It is moving, it is growing,
All its tides are onward flowing ;

The hand is moving towards the loaf,
The eye is moving to the roof,
The mind is moving to the book,
The soul lives in a moving look,
The hand is moving from the sword,
The heart is moving towards the Lord !

Move on ! keep moving !

Progress is the law of loving !

GOODWIN BARMBY.

THE GRAIN OF CORN AND THE PENNY.

A GRAIN of corn an infant's hand
May plant upon an inch of land,
Whence twenty stalks may spring and yield
Enough to stock a little field.
The harvest of that field might then
Be multiplied to ten times ten,
Which, sown thrice more, would furnish bread,
Wherewith an army might be fed.

A penny is a little thing,
Which e'en the poor man's child may fling
Into the treasury of heaven,
And make it worth as much as seven.
As seven ! nay, worth its weight in gold,
And that increased a million-fold ;

For lo ! a penny tract, applied
But well, may save a soul alive.
That soul can scarce be saved alone :
It must, it will, its bliss make known.
" Come," it will cry, " and you shall see
What great things God has done for me ! "
Hundreds that joyful sound may hear, —
Hear with the heart as well as ear ;
And these to thousands more proclaim
Salvation in the " Only Name ; "
Till every tongue and tribe shall call
On Jesus as the Lord of all.

J. MONTGOMERY.

A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

I'VE a guinea I can spend,
I've a wife, and I've a friend,
And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown ;
I've a cottage of my own,
With the ivy overgrown,
And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown ;
I can sit at my door
By my shady sycamore,
Large of heart, though of very small estate, John
Brown ;

So come, and sit with me
In my arbor by the sea,
And I'll tell you what I love, and what I hate, John
Brown.

I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John
Brown ;
And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense,
And arrogance and fawning and deceit, John Brown.
I love the meadow flowers,
And the briar in the bowers,
And I love an open face without guile, John Brown ;
And I hate a selfish knave,
And a proud, contented slave,
And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toil, John
Brown.

I love a simple song
That awakes emotions strong,
And the word of hope that raises him who faints, John
Brown ;
And I hate the constant whine
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints, John
Brown :

The hatred flies my mind,
And I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John
Brown.

CHARLES MACKAY.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true ;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too ;
For all human ties that bind me ;
For the task my God assigned me ;
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn *their* story
Who've suffered for my sake ;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake ;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowned History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine ;

To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine ;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold ;
When, man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true ;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too ;
For the cause that lacks assistance ;
For the wrong that needs resistance ;
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

G. L. BANKS.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Is there for honest poverty,
Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave we pass him by,
And dare be poor, for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that ;
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd, for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear odden gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silk, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man, for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that ;
An honest man, though ne'er so poor,
Is chief o' men, for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that,
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif, for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribbon, star, and a' that :
A man of independent mind
Can look, and laugh at a' that.

The king can mak' a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that :
 An honest man's aboon his might ;
 Gude faith he mauna fa' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His dignities and a' that ;
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it shall for a' that,
 That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
 Shall bear the gree, and a' that ;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 Whan man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be, and a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE ROYAL PEDIGREE.

LET those who will, claim gentle birth,
 And take their pride in Norman blood :
 The purest ancestry on earth
 Must find its spring in Adam's mud ;
 And all, though noble now or base,
 From the same level took their rise,
 And side by side, in loving grace,
 Leaped, crystal-clear, from Paradise.

We are no spawn of bartered love,
That's wedded to the heart with gold,
Put on as lightly as a glove,
As lightly doffed, scarce three days old, —
A love that marries lands to lands,
The passion of two title-deeds ;
That loosely rivets two cold hands
And idler heirs to idlers breeds.

Large-limbed, the friend of sun and air,
Its sinewy arms with labor brown ;
With glad, strong soul that seemed to wear
Its human nature like a crown, —
Such was the love from which we sprang,
A love clear-hearted as the morn,
Which through life's toils and troubles sang
Like a tall reaper 'mid the corn.

Life lay before us bare and broad
To conquer with two hands alone ;
But we had faith in man and God,
And proudly claimed our Father's throne :
We made our vassal of the now,
And from its want and woe and wrong
Our hearts rose lightly as a bough
From which a bird hath soared in song.

Among our sires no high-born chief
Freckled his hands with peasant gore,

No spurred and coroneted thief
Set his mailed heel upon the floor ;
No : we are come of nobler line,
With larger heart within the breast,
Large heart by suffering made divine, —
We draw our lineage from the oppressed.

Not from the sceptred brutes who reigned,
But from the humble souls who bore,
And so a godlike patience gained,
Which, suffering much, could suffer more,
Which learned forgiveness, and the grace
That cometh of a bended knee, —
From martyrs such as these we trace
Our royal genealogy.

There's not a great soul gone before
That is not numbered in our clan,
Who, when the world took side with power,
Stood boldly on the side of Man ;
All hero-spirits, plain and grand,
Who for the ages ope the door,
All Labor's dusty monarchs stand
Among the children of the poor.

Let others boast of ancestors
Who handed down some idle right
To stand beside their tyrant's horse,
Or buckle his spurs before the fight ;

We, too, have our ancestral claim
Of marching ever in the van,
Of giving ourselves to steel and flame,
Where aught's to be achieved for man.

And is not this a family-tree
Worth keeping fair from age to age?
Was ever such an ancestry
Gold-blazoned on the herald's page?
In dear New England let us still
Maintain our race and title pure,
The men and women of heart and will,
The monarchs who endure.

JAMES R. LOWELL

THE LORDS OF THULE.

THE lords of Thule it did not please,
That Willegis their bishop was ;
For he was a wagoner's son,
And they drew, to do him scorn,
Wheels of chalk upon the wall.
He found them in chamber, found them in hall ;
But the pious Willegis
Could not be moved to bitterness.
Seeing the wheels upon the wall,
He bade his servants a painter call ;

And said, " My friend, paint now for me,
On every wall that I may see,
A wheel of white in a field of red,
Underneath, in letters plain to be read, —
' Willegis, bishop now by name,
Forget not whence you came.' "

The lords of Thule were full of shame,
They wiped away their works of blame ;
For they saw that scorn and jeer
Cannot wound the wise man's ear.
And all the bishops that after him came,
Quartered the wheel with their arms of fame.
Thus came to pious Willegis
Glory out of bitterness.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A CONFESSION.

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier, —
You who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb ; his furrowed face ;

His gaunt, gnarled hands ; his unkempt, bristling hair ;
His garb uncouth ; his bearing, ill at ease ;
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please, —

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step, as though the way were plain ;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrite jester, is there room for you ?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen, —
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose ;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true ;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows ;

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be ;
How in good fortune and in ill the same :
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work — such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand —
As one who knows where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command ;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow ;
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's ;
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights, —

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear, —
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train.
Rough culture : but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it : four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through ;
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood ;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim ;
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame !
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high ;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

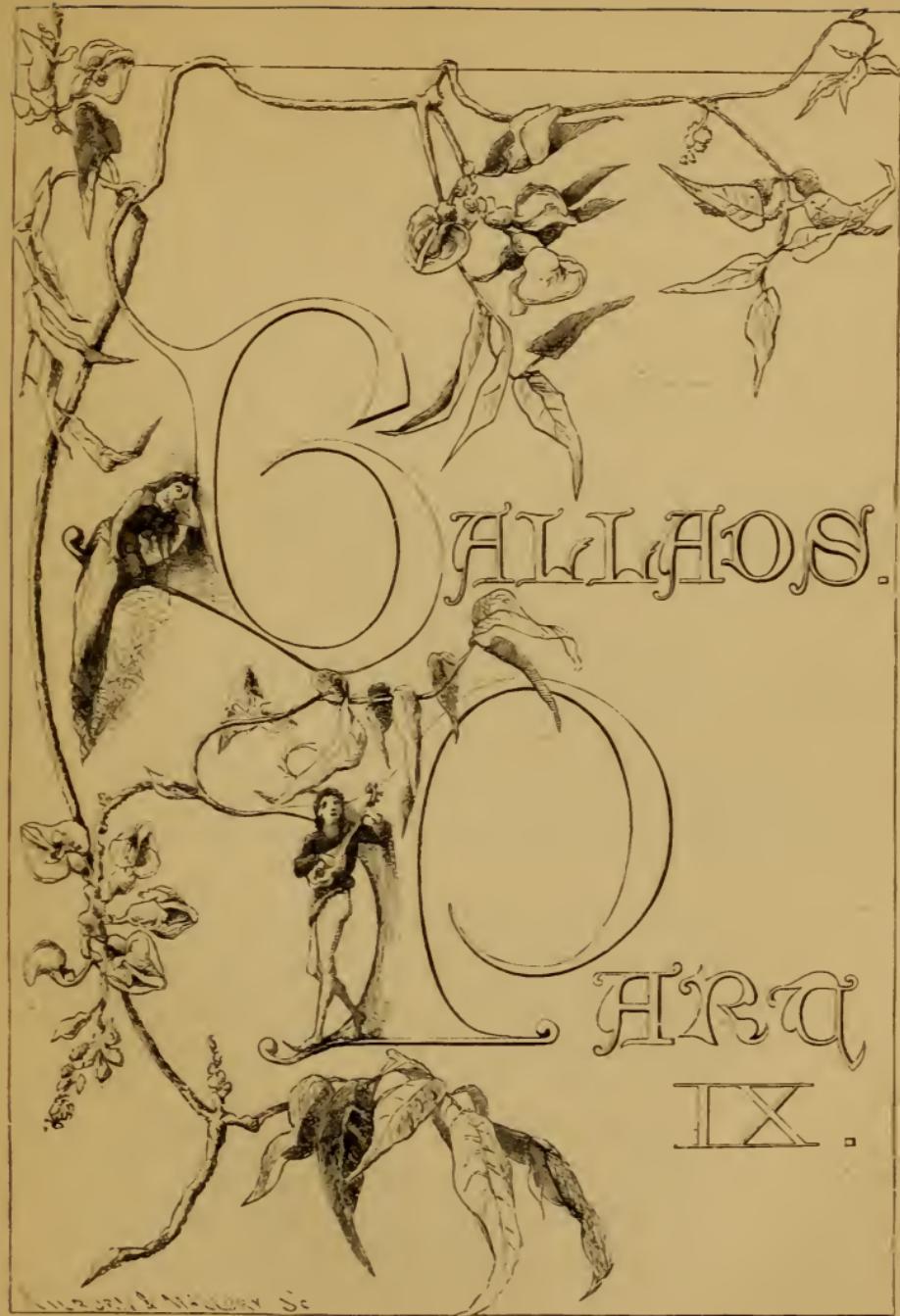
A deed accurst ! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore ;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven ;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

APRIL, 1865.

LONDON PUNCH.





ALLAOS.

ARIA

IX.



KING JOHN, AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

AN ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince that was called King
John ;
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury ;
How, for his housekeeping and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,
The Abbot kept in his house every day ;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the Abbot about.

"How now, Father Abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me ;
And, for thy housekeeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown?"

"My liege," quoth the Abbot, "I would it were known
I never spend nothing but what is my own ;
And I trust Your Grace will do me no deere
For spending of my own true golden geere?"

"Yes, yes, Father Abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die ;
For, except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first," quoth the king, "when I'm in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about ;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"Oh ! these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer Your Grace as yet ;
But, if you will give me but three weeks' space,
I'll do my endeavor to answer Your Grace."

"Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live ;
For, if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me."

Away rode the Abbot all sad at that word ;
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford :
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the Abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a going to fold :
"How now, my lord Abbot, you are welcome home ;
What news do you bring us from good King John ?"

"Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,
That I have but three days more to live ;
For, if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

The second, to tell him without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about ;
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think."

"Now cheer up, Sir Abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit?
Lend me horse and serving-men and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

Nay, frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your lordship as ever may be ;
And, if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us in fair London town."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier and mitre and rochet and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our father the Pope."

"Now welcome, Sir Abbot," the king he did say,
"Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day ;
For, and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told ;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worser than he."

The King he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
 "I did not think I had been worth so little !
 Now, secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
 How soon I may ride this whole world about."

" You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
 Until the next morning he riseth again ;
 And then Your Grace need not make any doubt,
 But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The King he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
 "I did not think it could be gone so soon :
 Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
 But tell me here truly what I do think."

" Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry :
 You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury ;
 But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
 That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The King he laughed, and swore by the mass,
 "I'll make thee Lord Abbot this day in his place !"
 " Nay, nay, my liege, be not in such speed ;
 For, alack ! I can neither write nor read."

" Four nobles a week, then, I will give thee,
 For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me ;
 And tell the old Abbot, when thou comest home,
 Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

BISHOP HATTO.

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet ;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door ;
For he had a plentiful last year's store,
And all the neighborhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay ;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and near ;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door ;
And, while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.

"I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of rats, that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily ;
And he slept that night like an innocent man,
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he entered the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came ;
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked, there came a man from the farm ;
He had a countenance white with alarm :
" My lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be :
" Fly ! my Lord Bishop, fly ! " quoth he,
" Ten thousand rats are coming this way :
The Lord forgive you for yesterday ! "

" I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he,
" 'Tis the safest place in Germany ;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reached his tower, and barred with care
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

He laid him down, and closed his eyes ;
But soon a scream made him arise :
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked : it was only the cat ;
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
At the army of rats that was drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep,
And up the tower their way is bent
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score ;
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more :
Such numbers had never been heard of before,
Such a judgment had never been witnessed of yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
 And through the walls, helter-skelter they pour,
 And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
 From the right and the left, from behind and before,
 From within and without, from above and below,
 And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
 And now they pick the Bishop's bones ;
 They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
 For they were sent to do judgment on him.

R. SCOTTHEY.

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

I LOVE contemplating, apart
 From all his homicidal glory,
 The traits that soften to our heart
 Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
 Armed in our island every freeman,
 His navy chanced to capture one
 Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
 Unprisoned on the shore to roam ;
 And aye was bent his longing brow
 On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds, to Britian half-way over,
With envy, — *they* could reach the white,
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning — dreaming, doting —
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious ; lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat,
By mighty working.

Heaven help us ! 'twas a thing beyond
Description wretched ; such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt-sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder :
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled ;
No sail, — no rudder.

From neighboring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;
And, thus equipped, he would have passed
The foaming billows.

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little argo sorely jeering ;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger ;
And, in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger : —

"Rash man, that wouldest yon channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned !
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad ;
"But, absent long from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said :
"Ye've both my favor fairly won ;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty ;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparté.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.



PART

TEN.

TEACHING
OF
CHILDREN

KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.



C H I L D H O O D.

NOT in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy :
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows ;
He sees it in his joy :
The Youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended :
At length, the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Thou whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity ;
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage ; thou eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind, —
 Mighty prophet ! seer blest !
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
 Thou over whom thy immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by ;
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height, —
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

WORDSWORTH.

THE TEACHER.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
 And the school for the day is dismissed,
 The little ones gather around me
 To bid me good-night, and be kissed ;

Oh the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace !
Oh the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face !

And, when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last ;
Of love that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to a pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin ;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh ! my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fount of my feelings will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go ;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them ;
Of the tempests of Fate, blowing wild :
Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child !

They are idols of hearts and of households ;
They are angels of God in disguise :
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses ;
His glory still gleams in their eyes.

Oh those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild ;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done ;
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayers would bound back to myself :
Ah ! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod ;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God :
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule ;
My frown is sufficient correction ;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more :
Ah, how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door !

I shall miss the "good-nights," and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning for me.

I shall miss them at noon and at even,—
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed,"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night, and be kissed!

CHARLES DICKINSON.

MY BOY.

I SEE a cottage leagues from here ;
A garden near ; some orchard trees ;
A leafy glimpse of creeping seas ;
And in the cottage something dear, —

A square of sunlight on the floor,
Blocked from the window ; in the square
A happy child with heavenly hair,
To whom the world is more and more.

They bear him to an upper room,
When comes the eve : he hums for me,
Like some voluptuous drowsy bee,
That shuts his wings in honied gloom.

I see a shadow in a chair ;
I see a shadowy cradle go ;
I hear a ditty, soft and low :
The mother and the child are there !

At length the balm of sleep is shed ;
One bed contains my bud and flower :
They sleep and dream, and hour by hour
Goes by, while angels watch the bed.

Sleep on, and dream, ye blessed pair !
My prayer shall guard ye night and day ;
Ye guard me so, ye make me pray :
Ye make my happy life a prayer !

RICHARD H. STODDARD.

LITTLE BENNY AND SANTA CLAUS.

I HAD told him, Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stocking
Stuffed as full as full could be,

And attentive listening to me,
With a face demure and mild,
That old Santa Claus, who filled them,
Did not love a naughty child.

" But we'll be good, won't we, moder?"
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
In the crimson stocking hid ;
While I turned me to the table,
Where a tempting goblet stood,
Brimming high with dainty egg-nog,
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, there before me,
With his white paw nothing loth,
Sat, by way of entertainment,
Slapping off the shining froth ;
And, in not the gentlest humor
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled !
Gathering up the precious store
He had busily been pouring
In his tiny pinafore,

With a generous look that shamed me
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing, by his mien indignant,
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney!" called he loudly,
As he held his apron white;
"You shall have my candy wabbit!"
But the door was fastened tight.
So he stood abashed and silent,
In the centre of the floor,
With defeated looks alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as by some sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And, while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames go higher and higher,
In a brave, clear key he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf,
"Santa Caus, come down the chimney,
Make my moder 'have herself!"

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"
Said I, feeling the reproof;
And I straight recalled poor Harney,
Mewing on the galley roof.

Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown ;
And they gambolled 'neath the live oaks
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim fire-lighted chamber,
Harney purred beneath my chair ;
And my play-worn boy beside me
Knelt to say his evening prayer :
" God bless fader, God bless moder,
God bless sister," — then a pause ;
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured, " God bless Santa Caus.

He is sleeping : brown and silken
Lie the lashes, long and meek,
Like caressing, clinging shadows
On his plump and peachy cheek ;
And I bend above him weeping
Thankful tears, — Oh, undefiled !
For a woman's crown of glory, —
For the blessing of a child.

"ME TOO!"

" WE'LL seek for flowers in the woods,"
I heard a mother say ;
" For in their shady solitudes
My children love to play.

Come, Willie, call the other boys,
Ere falls the evening dew ;"
And then another little voice,
Soft pleading, said, "Me too !"

Oh childish heart that could not bear
Her name should be forgot !
Oh childish love that longed to share
With all the common lot !
Such tone should ne'er be heard in vain,
So tremulous and true ;
A link in that sweet household chain,
She claimed her right, — "Me too !"

But not alone in childhood's years
The heart gives out this cry :
'Tis heard amid the silent tears
Of life's deep agony.
The lonely soul, athirst for love,
Will cry as infants do,
And lift, all other tones above,
Its passionate — "Me too !"

Formed by one hand, we live and die ;
Before one throne we kneel ;
The longings of humanity
Send up one deep appeal :
Our nature's tendrils intertwine,
Fed by one common dew ;

None seek in solitude to pine,
Each heart-throb says, "Me too!"

God teach us then in rank to stand,
Firm as brave spirits should ;
Joined heart to heart, and hand to hand,
In holy brotherhood ;
And, casting off the ice of pride,
Wear warm hearts, mild and true ;
Nor from the weakest turn aside,
Who feebly cries, "Me too!"

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

WE were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep :
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast ! "

So we shuddered there in silence ;
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked of death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
 Each one busy with his prayers,
 "We are lost!" the captain shouted,
 As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
 As she took his icy hand,
 "Isn't God upon the water,
 Just the same as on the land?"

Then he kissed the little maiden,
 And he spoke in better cheer;
 And we anchored safe in harbor,
 When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

"CHILD, CLOSE THE DOOR!"

"CHILD, close the door!"—"Yet, mother, let me stay;
 For he—the lovely stranger—comes this way.
 I think the gods can scarcely be so fair,
 So gentle, in their air.

And once he looked on me, and sweetly smiled,
 And said, 'I will be with thee, precious child.'
 Ah! let me call him: he may come no more."
 "Child, close the door!"

"Sweet mother, let me bring him bread and wine,
And purple clusters wasting on the vine,
And bid him stay with us till night is o'er."

"Child, close the door!"

What is this vile-clad son of poverty,
My little lily of the field, to thee?
Where'er you meet him, turn from him with fear:
 Pause not his words to hear."

Ah! night o'er Bethany is closing fast,
And it has many homes; and he has passed
Forth in meek silence, where God's blessed palms
 Stretch their fair, tender arms.

Time has grown olden since that Wanderer trod,
Hunted and faint, upon Palestine's sod;
Yet shines his spirit through the centuries' night
 With sun-bright hope and light.

And still the child knows best his call divine,
And fain would set for him the bread and wine;
But voices cold are calling evermore,
 "Child, close the door!"

LITTLE WILLIE WAKING UP.

SOME have thought that in the dawning, in our being's
freshest glow,
God is nearer little children than their parents ever
know ;
And that, if you listen sharply, better things than you
can teach,
And a sort of mystic wisdom trickle through their care-
less speech.

How it is I cannot answer, but I knew a little child,
Who, among the thyme and clover and the bees, was
running wild ;
And he came one summer evening with his ringlets o'er
his eyes,
And his hat was torn in pieces chasing bees and butter-
flies.

"Now I'll go to bed, dear mother ; for I'm very tired
of play !"
And he said his "Now I lay me," in a kind of careless
way ;
And he drank the cooling water from his little silver
cup,
And said gaily, "*When it's morning, will the angels
take me up?*"

Down he sank with roguish laughter, in his little trundle bed,

And the kindly God of slumber showered the poppies o'er his head.

"What could mean his speaking strangely?" asked his musing mother then :

"Oh! 'twas nothing but his prattle! — what can he of angels ken?"

There he lies how sweet and placid! and his breathing comes and goes

Like a zephyr moving softly, and his cheek is like a rose; But she leaned her ear to listen if his breathing could be heard :

"Oh," she murmured, "if the angels took my darling at his word!"

Night within its folding mantle hath the sleepers both beguiled,

And within its soft embracings rest the mother and the child :

Up she starteth from her dreaming; for a sound hath struck her ear, —

And it comes from little Willie lying on his trundle near.

Up she springeth, for it strikes upon her troubled ear again,

And his breath, in louder fetches, travels from his lungs in pain;

And his eyes are fixing upward on some face beyond
the room ;
And the blackness of the spoiler from his cheek hath
chased the bloom.

Never more his "Now I lay me" will be said from
mother's knee ;
Never more among the clover will he chase the humble-
bee :
Through the night she watched her darling, now de-
spairing, now in hope ;
And about the break of morning did the angels take
him up.

Rev. E. H. SEARS.

THE CHILD OF JAMES MELVILLE.

"This page, if thou be a pater that reads it, thou wilt apardone me; if nocht, sus-
pend thy censure till thou be a father, as said the grave Lacedæmonian, Agesilaus."—
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JAMES MELVILLE.

ONE time my soul was pierced as with a sword,
Contending still with men untaught and wild,
When he who to the prophet lent his gourd,
Gave me the solace of a little child !

A summer gift, my precious flower was given,
A very summer fragrance was its life ;
Its clear eyes soothed me as the blue of heaven,
When home I turned, a weary man of strife !

With unformed laughter musically sweet,
How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss ;
With outstretched arms its careworn father greet !
Oh, in the desert what a spring was this !

A few short months it blossomed near my heart,
A few short months, else toilsome all, and sad !
But that home-solace nerved me for my part,
And of the babe I was exceeding glad.

Alas ! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was dying
(The prophet's gourd it withered in a night) ;
And He who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying,
Took gently home the child of my delight.

Not rudely culled, not suddenly it perished,
But gradual faded from our love away,
As if still, secret dews, its life that cherished,
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day.

My gracious Master saved me from repining,
So tenderly he sued me for his own :
So beautiful he made my babe's declining,
Its dying blessed me as its birth had done.

And daily to my board, at noon and even,
Our fading flower I bade its mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in heaven,
Gazing the while on death without its sting.

And of the ransom for that baby paid,
So very sweet at times our converse seemed,
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made,
Our little lamb by God's own Lamb redeemed.

There were two milk-white doves my wife had nourished,
And I too loved erewhile at times to stand,
Marking how each the other fondly cherished ;
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand.

So tame they grew, that, to his cradle flying,
Full oft they cooed him to his noontide rest ;
And, to the murmurs of his sleep replying,
Crept gently in, and nestled in his breast.

'Twas a fair sight, — the snow-pale infant sleeping,
So fondly guardianed by those creatures mild ;
Watch o'er his closèd eyes their bright eyes keeping ;
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and child.

Still, as he sickened, seemed the doves too dwining,
Forsook their food, and loathed their pretty play ;
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,
One gentle bird would not be frayed away.

His mother found it, when she rose, sad-hearted,
At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill ;
And, when at last the little spirit parted,
The dove died too, as if of its heart-chill.

The other flew to meet my sad home-riding,
As with a human sorrow in its coo ;
To my dead child, and its own dead mate guiding
Most pitifully plained, — and parted too !

'Twas my first hansel and propine to heaven !
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod,
Precious His comforts, — once an infant given,
And offered with two turtle-doves to God !

Mrs. A. STUART MENTEATH.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

HE was so beautiful, — our child : some said
That he would grow from his sweet lilyhood,
And fill a wondrous morn. We heard and smiled,
Nor thought it wonderful that such might be.

God gave him to our bosoms in the spring ;
When May-time's pinkest shame glowed in the woods,
God gave, — blest gift ! — and God, too, made him
lame.

His little being dawned upon and flushed,
With warmer hue, the apple of our life —
Too crude — less tender hitherto. He drew
Our hearts to his ; ours, closer than before, —
Just as that tiny, silver seam in fruit
Knits fast a double core.

I mind me once,
 We carried him, at sundown, to the lawn ;
 And spread a gorgeous shawl upon the grass,
 With oriental cushions, wide and soft,
 Tasselled with gold and 'broidered royally.
 We fashioned him a throne, and there he sat
 King of our hearts ! clapping his joyous hands,
 And tossing dahlia-balls in greatest glee.

There had been rain that day ; and, in the west
 Just where the sun had set, a brilliant belt
 Of rainbow was unrolled ; so luminous,
 So dyed with humid tints, it seemed to lean
 And yearn towards the earth. Our boy grew still ;
 Its glory hushed the laughter on his lips.
 His blue eyes swam with earnestness, as lakes
 Swim full of cresses. "Look ! oh, look !" he cried,
 "What is that pretty thing that shines so high ?"

His mother bent her warm, ripe cheek to his,
 And smilingly related how 'twas set
 By the great Father's mighty hand, on high ;
 A shining ladder, for the good of earth,
 Whercon to climb toward heaven.

His still gaze dwelt
 With momentary wonder on her face ;
 But then the gush of tender, sunny light
 Died out within his eyes. His little lips



TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.



O-DAY, a lisping child, with hair sun-golden,
 And blue of summer morning in his eyes,
And cheeks aglow with kisses of new loving,
 Sees old things new, with ignorant sur-
prise :

To-morrow, and he knows the songs they sing in Para-
dise.

To-day, a youth, in pride of early manhood,
 With light of far-off hope upon his brow,
With eager expectation of the coming,
 And wild impatience of the loitering now :
To-morrow, he hath touched the throne at which all
 angels bow.

To-day, an old man lingers in his sadness ;
Great griefs have digged deep furrows in his cheeks ;
A cold grave with the long-ago departed,
In stammering words, is all the boon he seeks :
To-morrow, with unfaltering lips the joy of heaven
he speaks.

CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.

ONLY A BABY'S GRAVE.

ONLY a baby's grave !
Some foot or two, at the most,
Of star-daisied sod ; yet I think that God
Knows what that little grave cost.

Only a baby's grave !
To children even so small,
That they sit there and sing, — so small a thing
Seems scarcely a grave at all !

Only a baby's grave !
Strange ! how we moan and fret
For a little face that was here such a space, —
Oh more strange, could we forget !

Only a baby's grave !
Did we measure grief by this,
Few tears were shed on our baby dead :
I know how they fell on this.

Only a baby's grave !
Will the little life be much
Too small a gem for His diadem
Whose kingdom is made of such ?

Only a baby's grave !
Yet often we come and sit
By the little stone, and thank God to own
We are nearer heaven for it !

GOOD WORDS.

OUR BABY.

TO-DAY we cut the fragrant sod,
With trembling hands, asunder,
And lay this well-beloved of God,
Our dear dead baby, under.
Oh hearts that ache, and ache afresh !
Oh tears too blindly raining !
Our hearts are weak, yet, being flesh,
Too strong for our restraining !

Sleep, darling, sleep ! Cold rains shall steep
Thy little turf-made dwelling ;
THOU wilt not know — so far below —
What winds or storms are swelling ;

And birds shall sing, in the warm spring,
And flowers bloom about thee :
Thou wilt not heed them, love, but oh
The loneliness without thee !

Father, we **WILL** be comforted !
Thou wast the gracious Giver :
We yield her up — not dead, not dead —
To dwell with thee for ever !
Take thou our child ! ours for a day,
Thine while the ages blossom !
This little shining head we lay
In the Redeemer's bosom !

B E N O N I.

SWEET earth, that holds my brightest prize !
Be wept upon by gentle skies.

Blest grave that keeps the lovely thing !
"From his sweet dust let violets spring."

Dear winds, that sweep the tiny bed !
Breathe lulling music o'er his head.

Hush thy wild voice of fear, great storm !
Fright not the little sleeping form.

Beat not the turf to cause him pain ;
Weep quiet tears, soft summer rain !

Weave thou a fairy shroud, dear snow !
For the bright flower that sleeps below.

Drop richly here, sweet sunset light !
And dress my boy in raiment bright.

Green leaves ! make whisper o'er his rest,
And soothe his dreams on earth's cold breast.

O gentle water, running near !
Murmur sweet comfort to his ear.

Build here thy nest, O ringdove mild !
Talk softly to my lonely child :

Dear dove, make, too, a plaintive moan,
For the sad mother left alone.

O white-winged angels ! softly bear
My darling up heaven's golden stair.

Dear God, who lovest the little child !
Take to thyself my undefiled.

Sweet Christ, who hearest the widow's cry !
Make haste to hear me, lest I die.

BABY LOOKING OUT FOR ME.

Two little busy hands patting on the window,
Two laughing bright eyes looking out at me ;
Two rosy-red cheeks dented with a dimple ;
Mother-bird is coming ; baby, do you see ?

Down by the lilac-bush, something white and azure
Saw I in the window as I passed the tree ;
Well I knew the apron, and shoulder-knots of ribbon,
All belonged to baby, looking out for me.

Talking low and tenderly
To myself, as mothers will,
Spake I softly, "God in heaven,
Keep my darling free from ill.
Worldly gear and worldly honors
Ask I not for her from thee ;
But from want and sin and sorrow,
Keep her ever pure and free."

Two little waxen hands,
Folded soft and silently ;
Two little curtained eyes
Looking out no more for me ;
Two little snowy cheeks,
Dimple-dented nevermore ;

Two little trodden shoes,
That will never touch the floor ;
Shoulder-ribbon softly twisted,
Apron folded, clean and white ;
These are left me, — and these only, —
Of the childish presence bright.

Thus He sent an answer to my earnest praying ;
Thus he keeps my darling free from earthly stain ;
Thus he folds the pet lamb safe from earthly straying, —
But I miss her sadly by the window pane,
Till I look above it : then, with purer vision,
Sad, I weep no longer the lilac-bush to pass ;
For I see her angel, pure and white and sinless,
Walking with the harpers, by the Sea of Glass.

Two little snowy wings
Softly flutter to and fro ;
Two tiny childish hands
Beckon still to me below ;
Two tender angel eyes
Watch me ever earnestly
Through the loop-holes of the stars :
Baby's looking out for me.

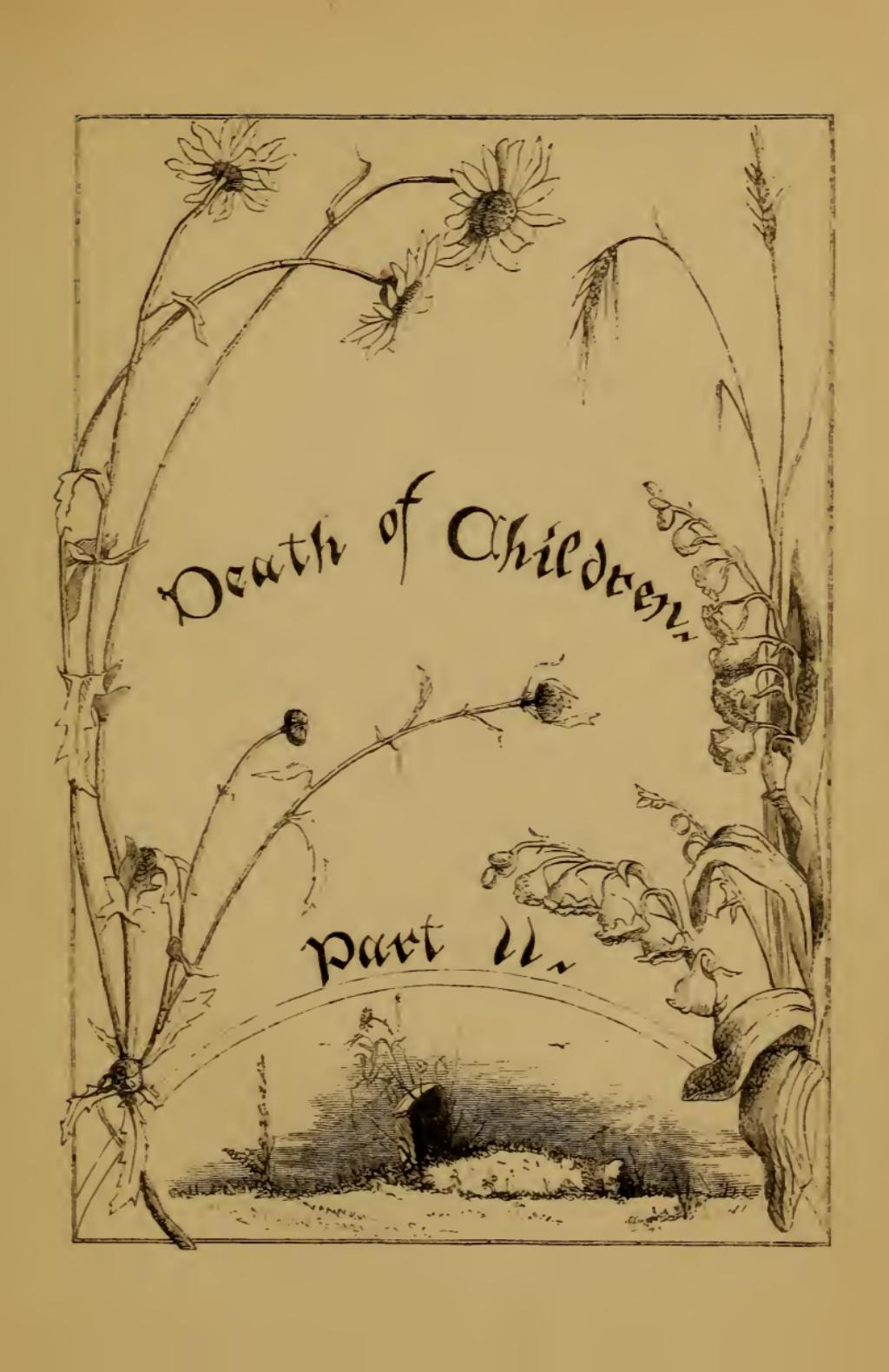
ETHEL LYNN.

C H A R L I E.

O LITTLE presence ! everywhere
We find some touching trace of thee, —
A pencil-mark upon the wall,
That “naughty hands” made thoughtlessly ;
And broken toys around the house, —
Where he has left them they have lain,
Waiting for little busy hands
That will not come again, —
Will never come again !

Within the shrouded room below
He lies a-cold ; and yet we know
It is *not* Charlie there !
It is not Charlie, cold and white ;
It is the robe, that, in his flight,
He gently cast aside !
Our darling hath not died !

O rare pale lips ! O clouded eyes !
O violet eyes grown dim !
Ah, well, this little lock of hair
Is all of him ! —
Is all of him that we can keep
For loving kisses ; and the thought
Of him and death may teach us more
Than all our life hath taught !



Death of Childebert

Part II.



Quivered piteously ; he tore his hands
Away from hers, himself face-downward flung,
In sudden gust of childish agony.

"*I* cannot climb to heaven !" he sobbed ; and then,
" *I* cannot climb, because — because *I'm lame!*"

O child ! O little, sinless one ! our hearts
Could have bowed down in very reverence,
And kissed thy hands, — those slender hands that bore
His rod, and smote us, gently, it is true,
But with a *world* of pain ! *Thou* couldst not climb, —
And thy sweet spirit winged with purity !
Oh then, dear child, what chance have we ? our souls
Are crippled so, with malice, wickedness,
And all uncharitableness. Sweet Christ,
Have mercy on *our* sad deformities !

Ah ! when our little one was ta'en, we looked,
My wife and I, into each other's eyes :
Our hands close-clasped, our faces dript with tears,
We said, each unto each, " Fear not ; " because
We knew that the Good Shepherd careth well
For his wee flock. And when one lamb is weak,
Or weary-limbed, he takes it in his arms,
And carries it.

THE SCHOOL.

"LITTLE girl, where do you go to school,
And when do you go, little girl?
Over the grass, from dawn till dark,
Your feet are in a whirl :
You and the cat jump here and there,
You and the robins sing ;
But what do you know in the spelling book?
Have you ever *learned* any thing?"

Thus the little girl answered, —
Only stopping to cling
To my finger a minute,
As a bird on the wing
Catches a twig of sumach,
And stops to twitter and swing, —

"When the daisies' eyes are a-twinkle
With happy tears of dew ;
When swallows waken in the eaves,
And the lamb bleats to the ewe ;
When the lawns are golden-barred,
And the kiss of the wind is cool ;
When Morning's breath blows out the stars, —
Then do I go to school !

My school-roof is the dappled sky ;
And the bells that ring for me there
Are all the voices of morning
Afloat in the dewy air.
Kind Nature is the Madame ;
And the book whereout I spell
Is dog's-eared by the brooks and glens
Where I know the lesson well."

Thus the little girl answered,
In her musical, out-door tone :
She was up to my pocket,
I was a man full grown ;
But, the next time that she goes to school,
She will not go alone !

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A DREARY place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it ;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it ;

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender ;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

No babe within our arms to leap ;
No little feet toward slumber tending ;
No little knee in prayer to bend,
Our lips the sweet words lending.

What would the mothers do for work,
Were there no pants or jackets tearing ?
No tiny dresses to embroider ?
No cradle for their watchful caring ?

No rosy boys, at wintry morn,
With satchel to the schoolhouse hastening ;
No merry shouts as home they rush ;
No precious morsel for their tasting :

Tall, grave, grown people at the door,
Tall, grave, grown people at the table ;
The men on business all intent,
The dames lugubrious as they're able.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that cline toward which we reach,
Through Time's mysterious, dim unfolding,
The little ones with cherub smile
Are still our Father's face beholding.

So said His voice in whom we trust,
When, in Judea's realm a preacher,
He made a child confront the proud,
And be in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it ;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

A PARABLE.

WORN and footsore was the prophet,
When he gained the holy hill ;
"God has left the earth," he murmured ;
"Here his presence lingers still.

God of all the olden prophets,
Wilt thou speak with men no more ?
Have I not as truly served thee,
As thy chosen ones of yore ?

Hear me, Guider of my fathers !
Lo ! a humble heart is mine ;
By thy mercy, I beseech thee,
Grant thy servant but a sign ! "

Bowing then his head, he listened
For an answer to his prayer ;
No loud burst of thunder followed,
Not a murmur stirred the air :

But the tuft of moss before him
Opened while he waited yet,
And from out the rock's hard bosom
Sprang a tender violet.

"God ! I thank thee," said the prophet ;
Hard of heart, and blind was I,
Looking to the holy mountain
For the gift of prophecy.

Still thou speakest with thy children
Freely as in old sublime ;
Humbleness and love and patience
Still give empire over time.

Had I trusted in my nature,
And had faith in lowly things,
Thou thyself wouldest then have sought me,
And set free my spirit's wings.

But I looked for signs and wonders,
That o'er men should give me sway ;
Thirsting to be more than mortal,
I was even less than clay.

Ere I entered on my journey,
As I girt my loins to start,
Ran to me my little daughter,
The beloved of my heart.

In her hand she held a flower,
Like to this as like may be,
Which, beside my very threshold,
She had plucked, and brought to me."

J. R. LOWELL.

THE RECONCILIATION.

As through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I ;
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For, when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There, above the little grave,
Oh there, above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

A. TENNYSON.



God, walking over starry spheres,
Did clasp his tiny hand,
And led him, through a fall of tears,
Into the mystic land !

Angel of death ! we question not :
Who asks of heaven, " Why does it rain ? "
Angel, we bless thee ! for thy kiss
Hath hushed the lips of pain !
No " Wherefore ? " or " To what good end ? "
Shall out of doubt and anguish creep
Into our thought. We bow our heads :
He giveth his beloved sleep !

T. B. ALDRICH.

FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE.

C. D. P. OB. OCT. 28, 1861.

THE night is late, the house is still ;
The angels of the hour fulfil
Their tender ministries, and move
From couch to couch in cares of love :
They drop into thy dreams, sweet wife,
The happiest smile of Charlie's life,
And lay on Baby's lips a kiss
Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss ;

And, as they pass, they seem to make
A strange, dim hymn, "For Charlie's sake."

My listening heart takes up the strain,
And gives it to the night again,
Filled with words of lowly praise,
And patience learned by mournful days,
And memories of the dead child's ways.
His will be done, — His will be done,
Who gave and took away my son,
In the "far land" to shine and sing
Before the Beautiful, the King
Who every day doth Christmas make,
All starred and belled for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise ;
I will anoint me where he lies,
And change my raiment, and go in
To the Lord's home, and leave my sin
Without, and seat me at his board,
Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.
For wherefore should I fast and weep,
And sullen moods of murmuring keep ?
I cannot bring him back, nor he,
For any calling, come to me.
The bond the angel Death did sign
God sealed — for Charlie's sake, and mine.

I'm very poor : his slender stone
Makes all the narrow field I own ;

Yet, patient husbandman, I till
With faith and prayers, that precious hill ;
Sow it with penitential pains,
And hopeful wait the latter rains :
Content if, after all, the spot
Yield barely one forget-me-not ;
Whether or figs or thistles make
My crop, content for Charlie's sake.

I have no houses builded well,
Only that little lonesome cell
Where never romping playmates come,
Nor bashful sweethearts, cunning — dumb,
An April burst of girls and boys
Their rainbowed cloud of glooms and joys,
Born with their songs, gone with their toys :
Nor ever in its stillness stirred
By purr of cat, or chirp of bird,
Or mother's twilight legend, told
Of Homer's pie or Tiddler's gold,
Or Fairy, hobbling to the door,
Red-cloaked and weird and banned and poor,
To bless the good child's gracious eyes,
The good child's wistful charities,
And crippled changeling's hunch to make
Dance on his crutch for good child's sake.

How is it with the child? 'Tis well ;
Nor would I any miracle

Might stir my sleeper's tranquil trance,
Or plague his painless countenance :
I would not any seer might place
His staff on my immortal's face ;
Or lip to lip, and eye to eye,
Claim back his pale mortality.
No, Shunamite ! I would not break
God's stillness. Let them weep who wake.

For Charlie's sake, my lot is blest :
No comfort like his mother's breast,
No praise like hers ; no charm expressed
In fairest forms hath half her zest.
For Charlie's sake, this bird's caressed
That death left lonely in the nest ;
For Charlie's sake, my heart is dressed,
As for its birthday, in its best ;
For Charlie's sake, we leave the rest
To Him who gave, and who did take,
And saved us twice, for Charlie's sake.

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

THE LENT JEWELS.

A JEWISH TALE.

IN schools of wisdom all the day was spent :
His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward bent,

With homeward thoughts which dwelt upon the wife,

And two fair children who consoled his life :
She, meeting at the threshold, led him in ;
And, with the words preventing, did begin, —
" Ever rejoicing at your wished return,
Yet do I most so now ; for, since this morn,
I have been much perplexed and sorely tried
Upon one point which you shall now decide :
Some years ago, a friend into my care
Some jewels gave, rich, precious gems they were ;
But, having given them in my charge, this friend
Did afterward nor come for them nor send,
But left them in my keeping for so long,
That now it almost seems to me a wrong
That he should suddenly arrive to-day
To take those jewels, which he left, away.
What think you ? Shall I freely yield them back,
And with no murmuring, — so henceforth to lack
Those gems myself, which I had learned to see
Almost as mine for ever, mine in fee ? "

" What question can be here ? Your own true heart

Must needs advise you of the only part.
That may be claimed again which was but lent,
And should be yielded with no discontent ;
Nor surely can we find herein a wrong,
That it was left us to enjoy it long. "

"Good is the word," she answered. "May we now
And evermore that it is good allow!"
And, rising, to an inner chamber led,
And there she showed him, stretched upon one bed,
Two children pale; and he the jewels knew
Which God had lent him and resumed anew.

R. M. MILNES.

OUR LITTLE CHILD WITH RADIANT EYES.

WITH seeking hearts we still grope on,
Where dropt our jewel in the dust:
The looking crowd have long since gone,
And still we seek with lonely trust:
O little child with radiant eyes!

In all our heart-ache we are drawn,
Unweeting, to your little grave;
There, on your heavenly shores of dawn,
Breaks gentler sorrow's sobbing wave:
O little child with radiant eyes!

Dark underneath the brightening sod,
The sweetest life of all our years
Is crowded in a gift to God.
Outside the gate we stand in tears!
O little child with radiant eyes!

Heart-empty as the acorn-cup
 That only fills with wintry showers,
 The breaking cloud but brimmeth up
 With tears this pleading life of ours.
 O little child with radiant eyes !

We think of you, our angel kith,
 Till life grows light with starry leaven :
 We never forget you, darling, with
 The gold hair waving high in heaven !
 Our little child with radiant eyes !

Your white wings grown will conquer death !
 You are coming through our dreams even now,
 With azure peep of heaven beneath
 The arching glory of your brow, —
 Our little child with radiant eyes !

We cannot pierce the dark, but oft
 You see us with looks of pitying balm ;
 A hint of heaven, — a touch more soft
 Than kisses, — all the trouble is calm.
 Our little child with radiant eyes !

Think of us wearied in the strife ;
 And, when we sit by sorrow's streams,
 Shake down upon our drooping life
 The dew that brings immortal dreams.
 Our little child with radiant eyes !

THE CHILD-ANGEL.

WITH what unknown delight the mother smiled,
 When this frail treasure in her arms she pressed !
 Her prayer was heard, — she clasped a living child, —
 But how the gift transcends the poor request !
 A child was all she asked, with many a vow ;
 Mother, behold the child an angel now !

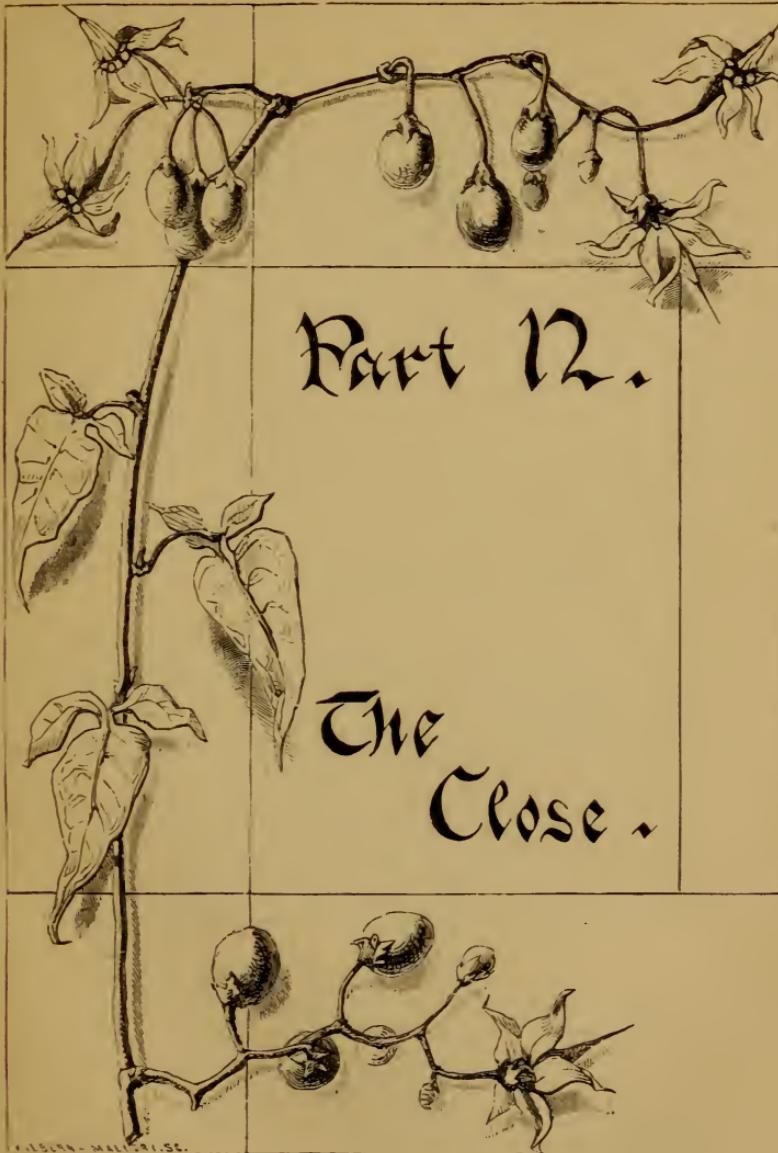
Now in her Father's house she finds a place ;
 Or, if to earth she take a transient flight,
 'Tis to fulfil the purpose of his grace,
 To guide thy footsteps to the world of light ; —
 A ministering spirit sent to thee,
 That where she is, there thou mayst also be.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing, like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be ;
 Or standing like an oak three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May.
 Although it fall and die that night, —
 It was the plant and flower of Light.
 In small proportions we just beauty see ;
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.



Part 12.

The Close.



A PETITION TO TIME.



TOUCH us gently, Time !
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently, — as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.

Humble voyagers are we :
Husband, wife, and children three ;
(One is lost, — an angel, fled
To the azure overhead !)

Touch us gently, Time !
We've not proud nor soaring wings :
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.

Humble voyagers are we,
 O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
 Seeking only some calm clime :
 Touch us gently, gentle Time !

B. W. PROCTOR

WE TWO.

WE own no houses, no lots, no lands,
 No dainty viands for us are spread ;
 By sweat of our brows and toil of our hands
 We earn the pittance that buys our bread.
 And yet we live in a grander state, —
 Sunbeam and I, — than the millionaires
 Who dine off silver and golden plate,
 With liveried lacqueys behind the chairs.

We have no riches in houses or stocks,
 No bank-books show our balance to draw ;
 Yet we carry a safe-key that unlocks
 More treasure than Croesus ever saw.
 We wear no velvet nor satin fine,
 We dress in a very homely way ;
 But, ah ! what luminous lustres shine
 About Sunbeam's gowns and my hoddern gray.

When we walk together (we do not ride,
 We are far too poor), it is very rare

We are bowed unto from the other side
Of the street, — but for this we do not care :
We are not lonely, we pass along,
Sunbeam and I ; and *you* cannot see —
We can — what tall and beautiful throngs
Of angels we have for company.

No harp, no dulcimer, no guitar,
Breaks into music at Sunbeam's touch ;
But do not think that our evenings are
Without their music : there is none such
In the concert halls, where the palpitant air
In musical billows floats and swims ;
Our lives are as psalms, and our foreheads wear
A calm, like the *peal* of beautiful hymns.

When cloudy weather obscures our skies,
And some days darken with drops of rain,
We have but to look in each other's eyes,
And all is balmy and bright again.
Ah ! ours is the alchemy that transmutes
The dross to elixir, — the dross to gold ;
And so we live on Hesperian fruits,
Sunbeam and I, and never grow old :

Never grow old, but we live in peace,
And love our fellows and envy none ;
And our hearts are glad at the large increase
Of plentiful virtues under the sun.

And the days pass on with their thoughtful tread,
And the shadows lengthen toward the west ;
But the wane of our young years brings no dread
To break their harvest of quiet rest.

Sunbeam's hair will be streaked with gray,
And time will furrow my darling's brow ;
But never can Time's hand steal away
The tender halo that clasps it now.
So we dwell in wonderful opulence,
With nothing to hurt us or upbraid ;
And my life trembles with reverence,
And Sunbeam's spirit is not afraid.

CLARENCE BUTLER.

SONG AND SILENCE.

" My Mabel, you once had a bird
In your throat, and it sang all day ;
But now it sings never a word :
Has the bird flown away ?

O sing to me, Mabel, again !
Strike the chords ! Let the old fountain flow
With its balm for my fever and pain,
As it did years ago ! ”

Mabel sighed (while a tear filled and fell),
"I have bade all my singing adieu ;
But I've a true story to tell,
And I'll tell it to you.

There's a bird's nest up there, in the oak,
On the bough that hangs over the stream ;
And last night the mother-bird broke
Into song in her dream.

This morning she woke, and was still ;
For the thought of the frail little things
That needed her motherly bill,
Waiting under her wings.

And busily, all the day long,
She hunted and carried their food,
And forgot both herself and her song
In her care for her brood.

I sang in my dream, and you heard ;
I woke, and you wonder I'm still ;
But a mother is always a bird
With a fly in its bill !"

DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

THE OLD MAN'S DREAMS.

Oh for one hour of youthful joy !
Give back my twentieth spring !
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
Than reign a gray-beard king !

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age !
Away with learning's crown !
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down !

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame !
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life, all love and fame !

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling said,
" If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day ? "

Ah truest soul of womankind !
Without thee, what were life ?
One bliss I cannot leave behind :
I'll take — my — precious — wife !

The angel took a sapphire pen,
And wrote in rainbow dew,
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too !

And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears ?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years !"

Why, yes ; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys :
I could not bear to leave them all ;
I'll take — my — girl — and — boys !

The smiling angel dropped his pen, —
"Why this will never do ;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too !"

And so I laughed, — my laughter woke
The household with its noise, —
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS.

SILENT and lone, silent and lone !
Where, tell me where are my little ones gone,
That used to be playing about my knee,
With their noisy mirth and boisterous glee ?
Who littered the carpets and misplaced the chairs,
And scattered their playthings all unawares ;
Who called for their suppers with eager shout,
And, while they were getting, ran in and out ;
Who kept all the apples and nuts from spoiling,
And never saved jackets nor pants from soiling ;
Had ever a want and ever a will
That added a care to my heart, until
I sometimes sighed for the time to come,
When they'd all be grown and go out from home.

Silent and lone, silent and lone !
Where, tell me where are my little ones gone ?
There are no little faces to wash to-night,
No little troubles for mother to right,
No little blue eyes to be sung to sleep,
No little playthings to put up to keep,
No little garments to be hung on the rack,
No little tales to tell, no nuts to crack,
No little trundle-bed, brimful of rollic,
Calling for mamma to settle the frolic,

No little soft lips to press me with kisses, —
(Oh, such a sad, lonely evening as this is !)
No little voices to shout with delight,
"Good night, dear mamma, good night, good night."
Silent the house is ; no little ones here
To startle a smile, or chase back a tear.

Silent and lone, silent and lone !
Where, tell me where are my little ones gone ?
It seemeth but yesterday since they were young ;
Now they are all scattered, the world's paths among :
Out where the great rolling trade-stream is flowing ;
Out where new firesides with love-lights are glowing ;
Out where the graves of their life-hopes are sleeping,
Not to be comforted, — weeping, still weeping ;
Out where the high hills of science are blending
Up 'mid the cloud-rifts, up, up, still ascending,
Seeking the sunshine that rests on the mountain,
Drinking and thirsting still, still at the fountain ;
Out in life's thoroughfares all of them moiling ;
Out in the wide, wide world, striving and toiling.
Little ones, loving ones, playful ones, all,
That went when I bade, and came at my call,
Have ye deserted me ? Will ye not come
Back to your mother's arms, — back to the home !

Silent and lone, silent and lone !
Where, tell me where are my little ones gone ?

Useless my cry is. Why do I complain ?
 They'll be my little ones never again !
 Can the great oaks to the acorns return ?
 The broad rolling stream flow back to the byrne ?
 The mother call childhood again to her knee,
 That in manhood went forth the strong and the free ?

Nay, nay, no true mother would ask for them back ;
 Her work nobly done, their firm tramp on life's track
 Will come like an organ note, lofty and clear,
 To lift up her soul and her spirits to cheer !
 And though the tears fall, when she's silent and lone,
 She'll know it is best they are scattered and gone.
 Silent and lone, silent and lone !
 Thy will, O Father, not my will be done !

FRANCES D. GAGE.

OLD FOLKS.

AH ! don't be sorrowful, darling,
 And don't be sorrowful, pray :
 Taking the year together, my dear,
 There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling ;
 Time's waves they heavily run :
 But taking the year together, my dear,
 There isn't more cloud than sun !

We are old folk now, my darling ;
Our heads they are growing gray :
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago ;
And the time of year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and the snow !

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as of day ;
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever he leads the way.

Ay, God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim ;
The gate that from life leads out, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

MY MOTHER.

MY mother's voice ! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours !
Like healing on the wings of sleep,
Or dew on the unconscious flowers.

I might forget her melting prayer,
While pleasure's pulses madly fly :
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by ;
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

The book of Nature, and its print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give still to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness has drunk up tears,
And there's a mildew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years ;
But Nature's book is even yet
With all my mother's lessons writ.

I have been out at eventide,
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing, —
When bursting buds and growing grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that makes the pulses pass
With a wild fleetness thronged the night, —
When all was beauty, then have I,
With friends on whom my love is flung
Like myrrh on wings of Araby,
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.

And when the beauteous spirit there
 Flung over all its golden chain,
My mother's voice came in the air,
 Like the light dropping of the rain.
And, resting on some silver star,
 The spirit of a bended knee,
I've poured a deep and fervent prayer,
 That our eternity might be, —
To rise in heaven, like stars at night,
 And tread a living path of light.

N. P. WILLIS.

THE GRAY SWAN.

"OH ! tell me, sailor, tell me true,
Is my little lad, my Elihu,
 A sailing with your ship ?"
The sailor's eyes were dim with dew, —
"Your little lad, your Elihu ?"
 He said with trembling lip :—
"What little lad ? what ship ?"

"What little lad ? as if there could be
Another such a one as he !
 What little lad, do you say ?
Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee !
 It was just the other day
The Gray Swan sailed away."

"The other day?" The sailor's eyes
Stood open with a great surprise:—

"The other day? the Swan?"
His heart began in his throat to rise.
"Ay, ay, sir, here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on."—
"And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the Swan?" — "And did she stand,
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand,
For a month, and never stir?

"Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
The wild sea kissing her, —
A sight to remember, sir!"

"But, my good mother, do you know
* All this was twenty years ago?

I stood on the Gray Swan's deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw,
Taking it off, as it might be, so!
The kerchief from your neck." —
"Ay, and he'll bring it back!"

"And did the little lawless lad,
That has made you sick and made you sad,
Sail with the Gray Swan's crew?"

"Lawless! The man is going mad!
The best boy ever mother had: —

Be sure he sailed with the crew !
What would you have him do ? ”

“ And he has never written line,
Nor sent you word nor made you sign,
To say he was alive ? ” —
“ Hold ! if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine ;
Besides, he may be in the brine ;
And could he write from the grave ?
Tut, man ! what would you have ? ”

“ Gone twenty years, — a long, long cruise, —
'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse !
But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you, you can
Forgive him ? ” — “ Miserable man !
You're mad as the sea, you rave —
What have I to forgive ? ”

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from within his bosom drew
The kerchief. She was wild.
“ O God, my Father ! is it true ?
My little lad, my Elihu !
My blessed boy, my child !
My dead, my living child ! ”

ALICE CAREY.

AN AUTUMN BIRTHDAY.

NOT beautiful, — but in thine eyes
Such depth of tranquil light there lies,
That, when thy gaze is turned to mine,
It seems less human than divine.

No longer young ; — the soberer years,
And Time, who decks his flowers with tears,
Have taken less than they have given, —
And earth looks pale the nearer heaven.

Thine is the soft autumnal day
Of russet wood and welkin gray ;
The quiet fulness that hath ta'en
The place of summer's mirth and pain.

What birth-day gift is fitly brought,
That Nature yields or Art hath wrought ? —
A woven crown of ripening wheat,
And sprays of scentful meadow-sweet.

The berried holly's leaf of thorn,
I think thou wilt not dread or scorn ;
For thou hast learned the lesson rare
Of patience, — both to do and bear.

Encircled thou, in twofold light
From both the worlds thou hast in sight ;
Like Cortes, blessing on his knees
His God, as he two oceans sees.

Not mine, as yet, to know thy calm ;
Not mine to raise thy peaceful psalm :
But I may love thee, and not less
For thy more perfect happiness.

So, sitting the ripe shocks beneath,
I crown thee with an autumn wreath ;
And hail thy birthdays as they flow :—
Our hearts were one, long, long ago.

ONCE A WEEK

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time ! in your flight .
Make me a child again, just for to-night !
Mother, come back from the echoless shore ;
Take me again to your heart as of yore ;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care ;
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair ;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep ;
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years !
I am so weary of toils and of tears, —
Toil without recompense, — tears all in vain : —
Take them, and give me my childhood again !
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away, —
Weary of sowing for others to reap :
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue, —
Mother, O mother ! my heart calls for you !
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, — our faces between ;
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again ;
Come from the silence so long and so deep :
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever was shown ;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours.
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain ;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep :
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old ;

Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light ;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore,
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep :
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

Mother, dear mother ! the years have been long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song :
Since then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been but a dream :
Clasped to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

MRS. AKERS.

"THE E'EN BRINGS A' HAME."

UPON the hills the wind is sharp and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord ! have wandered from thy fold ;
 But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled and the rocks
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks ;
 But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
 Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
 Their pitiful complaints,— Oh, rest is sweet
 When evening brings us home !

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts.
 Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
 Search for Thy coming ; — when the light departs
 At evening, bring us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
 Rises to guide us. We have wandered far : —
 Without thy lamp we know not what we are ;
 At evening, bring us home.

The clouds are round us and the snow-drifts thicken.
 O thou, dear Shepherd ! leave us not to sicken
 In the waste night ; our tardy footsteps quicken ;
 At evening, bring us home.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.





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